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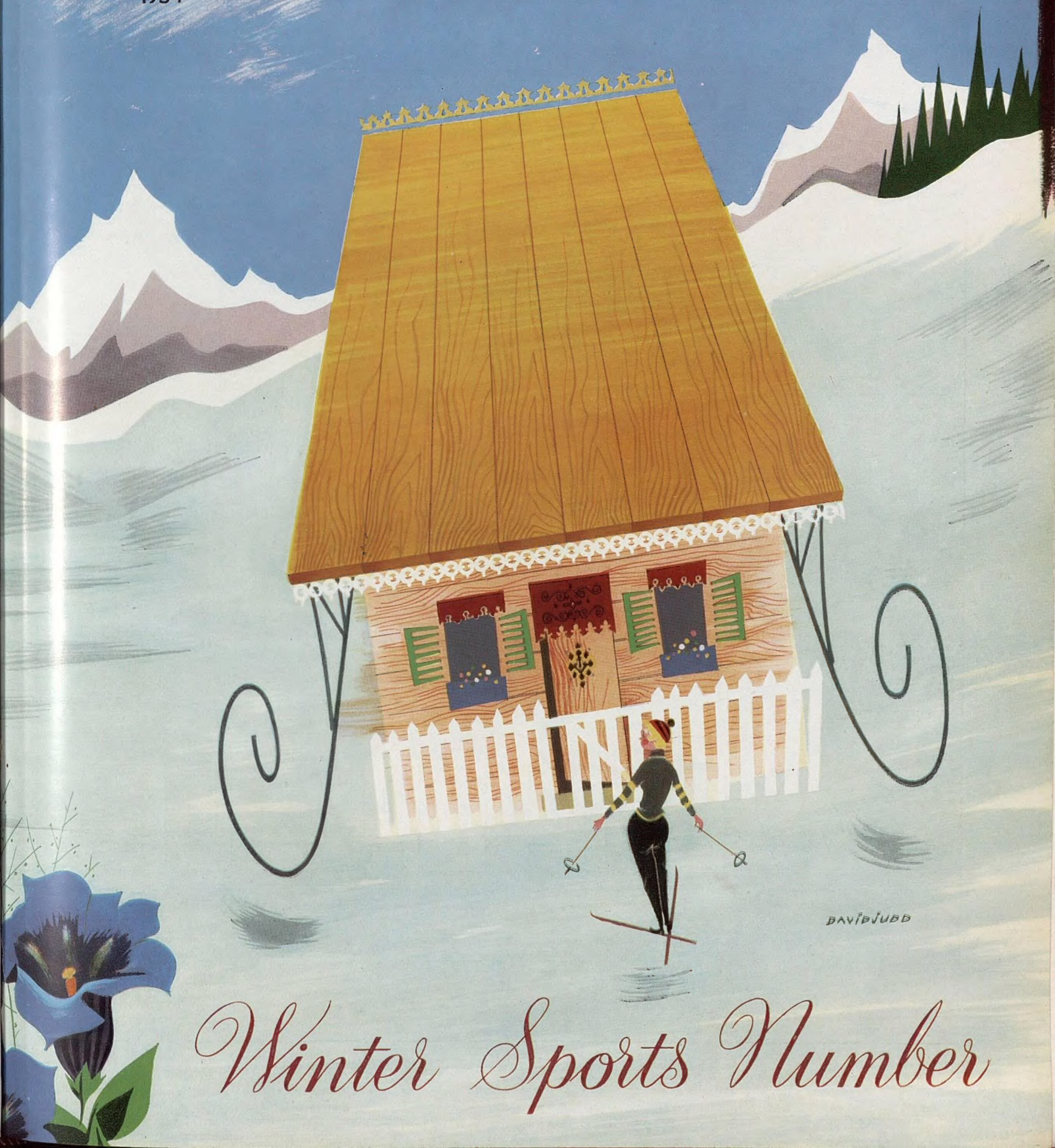
Datler

&

BYSTANDER

NOVEMBER 10
1954

TWO SHILLINGS



Winter Sports Number

from the **permanent collection** of cleverchange clothes that neverdate

AS WE CANNOT SHOW YOU HERE THE HEAVENLY QUALITY AND NEW DESIGNS OUR STUDIO IS CREATING DAILY SEND FOR DOUBLE DOESKIN, ETC. PATTERNS



WETHERALL



bond street sportsclothes

ROYAL DIPLOMA STUDIO CO-ORDINATING RACIN' OUTFITS • FROCK in new LUXURY TIECIL about 12½ guineas • BLOUSE about 3 guineas • HAT about 2½ guineas • SCARF 1 guinea
 NEW ADJUSTABLE RACE STICK about 4½ guineas • DERBY/GRAND NATIONAL scarf about 4 guineas • HORSE HEAD CLIP ½ guinea.
 Colour printed in new SADDLESNUPH and wetherall beautiful BUDGE BLUE inspired by SIR PETER LELY, paintings of ROYAL LADIES OF THE COURT and PATRONS OF THE TURF.
 Come and see our academy collection of LELY and GAINSBOROUGH masterpieces now on show.

LOOK FOR THIS ON THE BOTTOM
LEFT HAND CORNER OF YOUR COAT

Wetherall
guarantee

a new model given if
dissatisfied for any
reason whatever even
after wear

ITEMS SO GIVEN CANNOT BE AGAIN EXCHANGED
VALID FOR SIX MONTHS FROM DATE OF
ORIGINAL BILL OF PURCHASE (guarantees apply
to british isles only)
GUARANTEES DO NOT APPLY TO MERCHANDISE
PURCHASED DURING THE WETHERALL SALE
(held twice yearly only)



TRADE MARK

FOURway"topcoats

handtailored saddlestitched • for racin' huntin' shootin' and luxury travel

wetherall cleverchange • worn tie or buckle belted half or unbelted

the heavenly blend of luxury lambswool doeskin and pure cashmere

the finest fabric ever loomed • in softest **bridlebrown** colour

double
sided

DOESKIN +

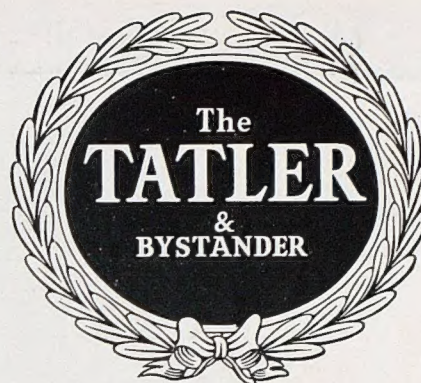
CASHMERE " **30** gns
about

ST new fabrics
new fittings
new styles

see the new **1 EDITION** MODELS produced in the wetherall studio for world distribution. These models are not repeatable during the current period after first edition has been exhausted. At end of term should any model be considered suitable by the wetherall style committee it will be included in the famous wetherall PERMANENT COLLECTION of cleverchange clothes that never date. WETHERALL the british creator of the FAMOUS PERMANENT COLLECTION (clothes that neverdate) the only permanent collection of cleverchange style masterpieces in the world royal patent designed 554368 628232.

THE WETHERALL HOUSE . BOND STREET . LONDON . W1

"created for



reader"

new **britishthoroughbred**

FASHION AT EASE



Corduroy dress, by Brenner, buttoned-through, easy-skirted with collar and wristbands of wool ribbing; bottle, royal, nigger or black.

Hips 36-40 £7.19.6, 42 £8.9.6, 44 £8.19.6

Sheepskin coat, supple, straight-cut, belted; in natural. Bust 36-42 *Exclusive to us* 39½ gns

Velvety windcheater in jade, royal, burnt orange, yellow, pale blue, red, white or black. Bust 34-40 *Exclusive to us* 5 gns

Tweed trousers, tailored in our workrooms, the tweed, dark green or heather flecked with brilliant colour. Waist 25-30 9½ gns

Striped corduroy pants in turquoise with black, tailored in our workrooms. Hips 36-40 16½ gns

Black jersey shirt, collared and cuffed in the same corduroy 73/6



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Bradleys

2 WELBECK STREET, W.1

A jumper of Sapphire mink designed and made by Bradleys



the heel

height story . .

of glamour for day, evening, shopping or cocktails. By Holmes of Norwich, the people who understand fashion and Court shoes.

St. Anne

59/9

St. Quentin

St. La

Ask to see other Holmes and Seeba fashion courts at prices up to 5 gns.

St. Michel
69/9

It's here... the new foundation



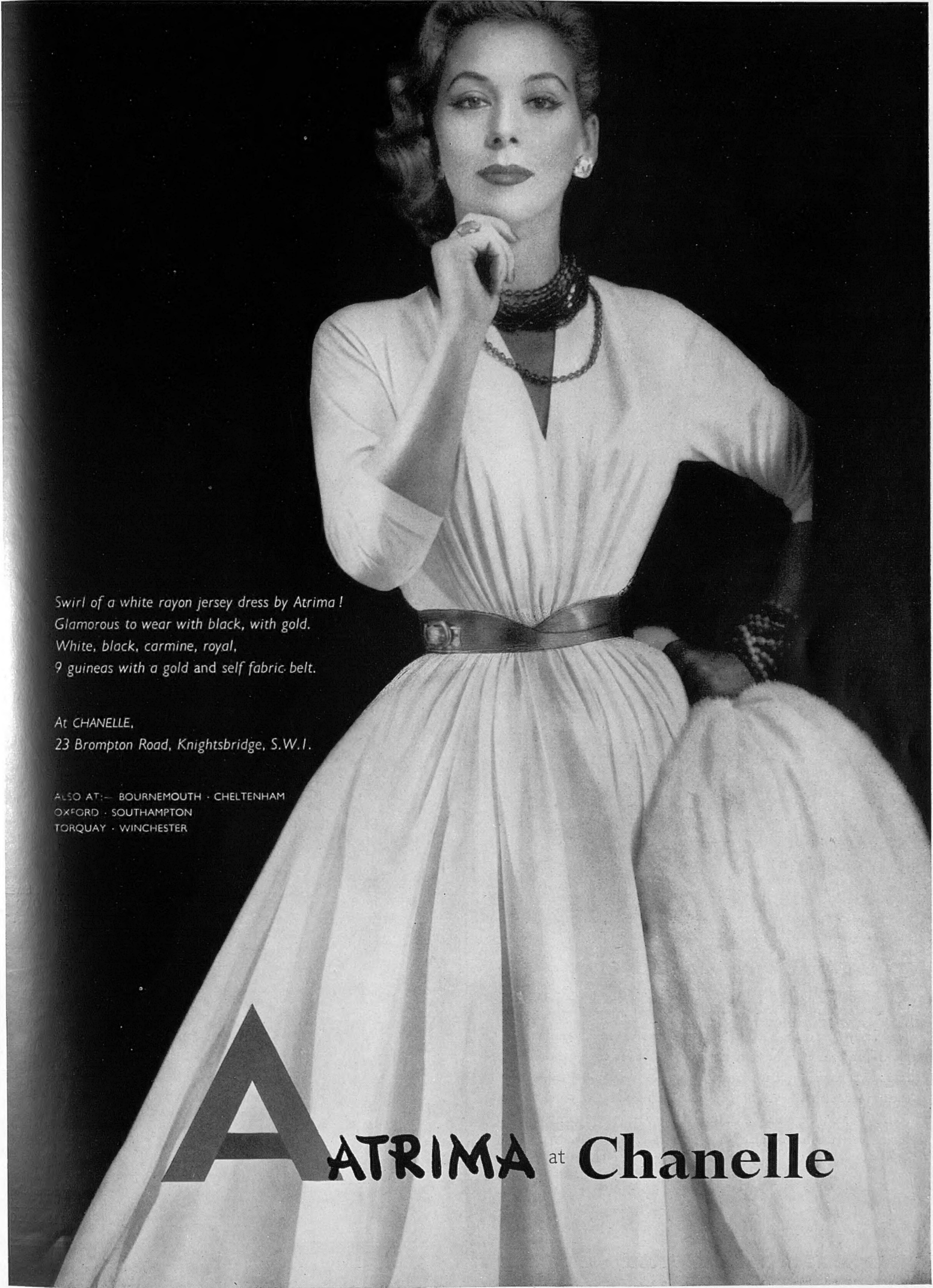
Never such a thrill before! Here's Youthlines 'Rivoli', the perfect foundation for the new Parisline. Not flat, not pointed . . . but designed to give you that high, high bosom with the youthful roundness . . . that smooth, flat diaphragm . . . and ever so gently to take inches—yes inches—off your waist.

And it's all done by kindness,

the kindness of Youthlines clever cutting to make a lighter-than-ever garment in white nylon taffeta. To show off your newest clothes, or to give last season's fashions a brand-new look, you really need Youthlines 'Rivoli'.

And for the extra touch of glamour, there's 'Rivoli de Luxe' in black nylon lace.

Youthlines Rivoli



Swirl of a white rayon jersey dress by Atrima!
Glamorous to wear with black, with gold.
White, black, carmine, royal,
9 guineas with a gold and self fabric belt.

At CHANELLE,
23 Brompton Road, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.

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A **ATRIMA** at **Chanelle**



By Appointment Makers of Weatherproof

Clothing to the Late King George VI.



This Week's News from BURBERRYS

The jersey suit on the left is cut on classic lines. The jacket is pleated and the straight skirt has inverted pleats at the back for ease in walking. Over it is worn an elegant cape made from an exclusive Scotch Cheviot Tweed in a District check. The Suit costs £13.3.6; the cape £30.2.10. The topcoat on the right has a toning velvet collar, is made in a novelty frieze and is available in various colours. Price £16.15.6.

Hats, shoes and accessories also by Burberrys.

Write for Burberrys' catalogue of garments, travel and sports accessories, and for details of goods on approval.

HAYMARKET LONDON S.W.1

Telephone: WHItchall 3343

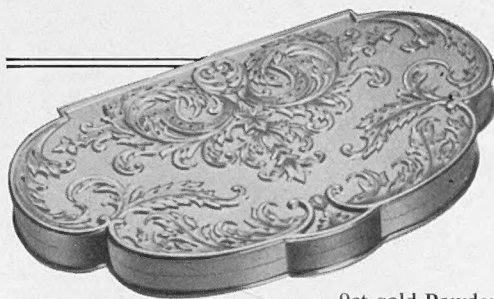
BURBERRYS LTD.



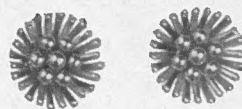
By Appointment
Silversmith & Jewellers
to the late King George VI

Asprey

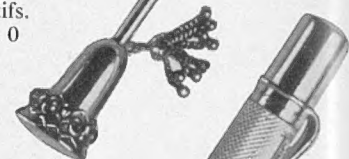
For giving in the true tradition



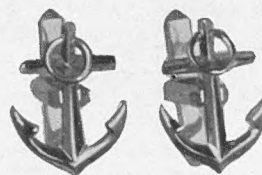
9ct gold Powder Case with raised gold motifs. £330.0.0



Two colour 9ct gold Flower Earrings. £16.5.0 pair



9ct gold Cigarette Holder set Cabachon Sapphires. £54.12.6



9ct gold Propelling Pencil with clip. £21.17.6

9ct gold "H" Spring Links with "Anchor" Ends. £23.10.0 pair



9ct gold Twist action Spiral Cigar Piercer £6.0.0

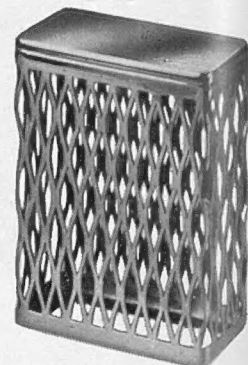
9ct gold "Car Number" Key Holder. £10.0.0

9ct gold Champagne Swizzle Stick. £5.0.0



9ct. gold Treasury Note Clip with various sporting scenes. £25.0.0

9ct gold "Wafer" Cigarette Lighter. £54.17.6



14ct gold "Mesh" Cigarette Case for American "20 Pack" Cigarettes. £113.10.0

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nylons from **Aristoc** to you—

Untouched by hand!



Every pair of Aristoc stockings is checked with the greatest care before going into its sealed unit pack. Perfect when it leaves the factory—perfect when it reaches you!

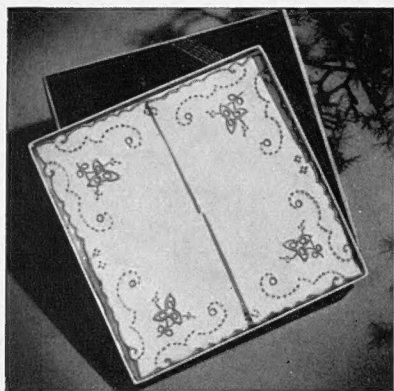
The assistant will be happy to help you select the Aristoc style most suited to your particular needs.

SIZE RIGHT!

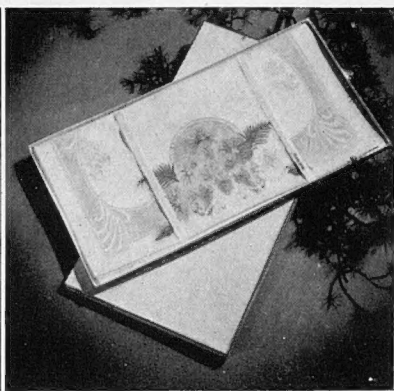
The Aristoc foot and heel are designed to flatter the ankle—and it's wise always to choose the right foot size (especially in Aristoc Vidura and Visheen) so that the heel reinforcement lies in its correct position.

THE ARISTOCRAT OF STOCKINGS

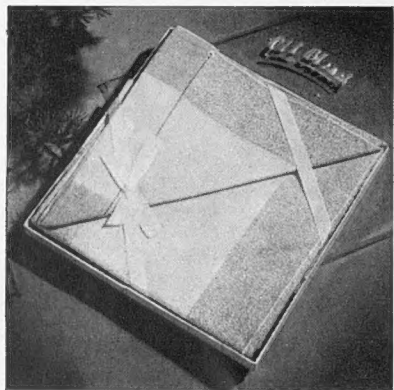
...with **CHRISTMAS** in mind



Box of four tea napkins. Madeira hand-embroidered on pure Irish linen in ecru. Box 17/9.
(Postage and packing 5d.)



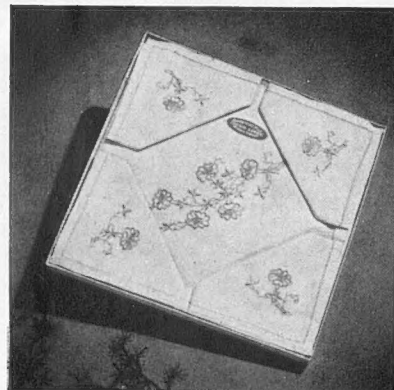
"Raytone" tray cloth hand painted in pastel colours on superior quality rayon in ivory ground. Size 14" x 22". Boxed 13/-.
(Postage and packing 8d.)



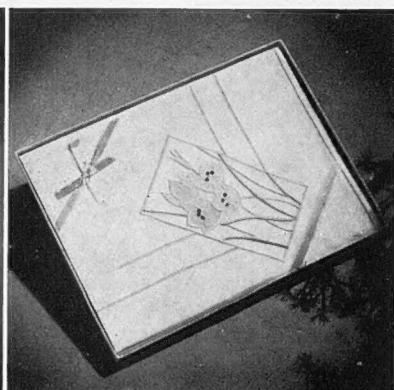
Attractive face towels in pure Irish linen crepe weave in 2" rainbow coloured stripes. Size 22" x 36". Pair 28/6.
(Postage and packing 1/3)



Personal breakfast set beautifully hand-painted in pastel shades on fine quality cotton and rayon ground. Set comprises cosy, tray cloth and napkin. Boxed set 32/6.
(Postage and packing 1/3)



Irish linen tea set. 45" x 45" cloth with four napkins to match. Design neatly embroidered in ecru on cream ground. Set 32/6.
(Postage and packing 1/-)



Tea cloth with tulip design worked in colour on fine quality cream linen. Size 44" x 44". 37/6.
(Postage and packing 1/-)

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LIMITED

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sleepy
dreamy . . .

A boyish tumble
of softly curving tendrils,
superlatively cut to keep its
clever shape. No pampered pet this.
Tossed in sleep or ruffled by the wind,
it goes its own sweet way with just a
quick flick of the brush.

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so delightful to feel—
so beautiful—

Supalene
LINGERIE SUPERBLY TAILORED IN
TERYLENE
YARN

Just try on one Supalene slip, vest, nightdress or pantie . . . There! Doesn't it feel deliciously soft and doesn't it look beautiful. See the rich, deep, fluttery permanent pleating at the hems! Such a pretty finished edge too! Supalene Terylene quickly washes and dries and wears for ages. The best stores always stock Supalene lingerie.

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Feather Pattern
Spun Nylon
Stockings

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They are saying that this is the most inspired perfume to spring from Paris. That is why it provokes admiring whispers and speaks for you at Noël with a decidedly French accent



On Dit Perfumair, with jewelled top 18/6

Flower Mist, fragrant echo of the perfume 12/9

On Dit Dusting Powder in box with puff, with enchanting design of whispering heads 14/3

Pink and Gold gift box with Dusting Powder and Flower Mist 29/3

Elizabeth Arden
25 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W.1



The Waterproof Duffle Coat

For the country woman, the most practical jacket ever made—completely waterproof, windproof and washable. Off white, backed with gay wool tartan. **£10.10.0**

Copies of our illustrated Winter Sports Catalogue will be sent on request

Lillywhites
OF PICCADILLY CIRCUS

PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH AND THE QUADRANT, BOURNEMOUTH

Snow wonder



HIGH-BREEDING reveals itself in every fibre of this heavenly ski jacket in nylon Furleen. Designed and made by master-furriers, it possesses all the irresistible qualities of pure nylon—so light, yet so warm, so soft and yet so strong. Endearing features include a detachable hood and the fact that the jacket is reversible. This debutante is coming out this season and the loveliness of its appeal will be quickly appreciated both in the active enjoyment of Arlberg and St. Moritz, and in the enclosures of every fashionable meeting between the Highlands and the Downs.

Nylon Furleen is developed and produced by
ALFRED MORRIS FURS LTD.
and marketed by

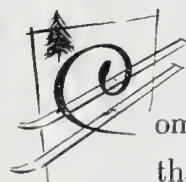
ASTRAKA LIMITED
19-23 Wells Street, London, W.1
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nylon
FURLEEN
Regd.



Winter Sports bound?



Come early to Harrods and see all that's newest, brightest and best in clothes, accessories and equipment for winter's most exhilarating sport.

Ski expert Lotti Smith, with her first-hand knowledge, is here again to put you on the right track. Remember, too, there's no tiresome dodging from one department to another . . . you can buy absolutely everything in Harrods Winter Sports Shop.

Harrods



Choose the loveliest

For every occasion. Glamorous **Bear Brand** Nylons are available in
Ultra Sheer 12 denier, 15 denier and 30 denier from 8/11 to 12/11 per pair.



H O W A R D F O R D & C O L T D L I V E R P O O L & L O N D O N



Menu

Specially prepared by Helen Burke

Shrimps, Peas and Carrots
in Aspic
Salmon and Lobster
Mousses
Beetroot, Pea
and Carrot Salad
Diced Chicken
in Chaud-Froid Sauce
Pastry "Boats" with
"cargoes" of Ham Mousse
Strawberry Charlotte Russe
French Fruit Tart
Petits Fours and
Glacé Fruits

Glamorous dishes for a gay array—but anyone can make them . . . The aspic dishes are as easily made as table jellies are . . . the other dishes, both savoury and sweet, are simple, too . . . and the Lin-Can vegetables and fruits are ready for the opening!

How YOU can make these Helen Burke dishes

Send today to Lin-Can for "Party Pieces" Menu Sheet No. M.2., a new illustrated recipe leaflet in full colour.

from the **LIN-CAN** collection of favourite dishes

Party Pieces

Buffet Parties are great fun because you can bring together, at the one time, many more friends than is generally possible at a sit-down meal. No bother of carving and serving—guests help themselves, taking what they fancy from your "Party Pieces," attractively and appetisingly arrayed . . . friends and the family meet in intimate and happy harmony.

By HELEN BURKE

Buffet dishes must appeal not only to the palate but also to the eye. Savoury mousses, appetising morsels in clear aspic, chaud froid

masking the good things within, little pastry "boats" freighted with delicious, satisfying fare, glamorous sweets . . . all dishes, savoury and sweet alike, charmingly colourful.

Colour! Here Lin-Can products light the scene—the orange red of Lin-Can tender little carrots, the deep purple of Lin-Can baby beetroots, the fresh green of Lin-Can garden peas. And fruits!—Lin-Can's beautiful red strawberries and cherries, Lin-Can's Golden and Victoria plums . . . With a supply of Lin-Can vegetables and fruits on hand, your Party Pieces are well and truly on their way!



LIN-CAN fruits and vegetables . . . picked and canned all on a summer's day

A Yeast-Ray Permanent

— that's Raymond's latest!

The ancients knew the magic of yeast. Perhaps the Assyrians crimped their beards with it.

Who knows? Who cares, either?

Now, at any rate, Raymond (no ancient, he!)

waves your hair with it;

and in half the usual time.

There's no hair so difficult that a Yeast Perm won't "take"—and quickly.

For there's life in yeast; it puts life into your hair.

Feeds it. Strengthens it. Beautifies it.

Glorifies it. How soon?

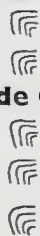
Raymond



18 GRAFTON STREET • MAYFAIR • LONDON (MAYFAIR 9847)
18 ALBEMARLE STREET • MAYFAIR • LONDON (HYDE PARK 6572)
39 BROMPTON ROAD • KNIGHTSBRIDGE • LONDON (KNIGHTSBRIDGE 4411)
BOURNE COURT • BOURNEMOUTH (BOURNEMOUTH 6161)
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A gleaming emphasis in Gold,
Silver or Copper.
It paints on — it washes out.
10/6 a bottle at the Salons
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Chic from every angle

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L'Aimant is also enchantingly present in these matched toilet luxuries:
'Airsun' Face Powder, Toilet Water, Talcum Powder, Bath Dusting Powder,
Toilet Soap and Bath Soap, Bath Salts, Bath Oil, Tonic Hair Friction Lotion,
Liquid Brilliantine, Silk Sachets. 11/6 • 21/6 • 36/- • 62/-

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present their new
self-winding calendar watch.



The designers of the world-famous INTERNATIONAL watch factory at Schaffhausen, Switzerland, have made a further advance by fitting in the movement of the INTERNATIONAL Automatic a calendar mechanism which shows the day of the month on the dial. This date changes automatically within a few minutes every midnight. In spite of this additional feature, the INTERNATIONAL calendar watch remains as flat and elegant as ever.

The INTERNATIONAL self-winding calendar watch is a crowning achievement of Swiss watchmaking. It is a godsend to every businessman, for it tells him time and date with the utmost precision.

Sold and serviced by the leading jewellers all over the world.

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When the meal's an occasion ...



*Make
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with
Martell*

CORDON BLEU

A fine liqueur brandy

Great enthusiasm for the new DAIMLER REGENCY *Mk II*



D244

THE SWIFT, IMMACULATE CAR FOR MEN OF AFFAIRS

THE RECENT introduction at the Motor Show of the magnificent new Daimler Regency Mk.II has given immense satisfaction to all motorists who have been awaiting a new *big* Daimler. The Regency is undoubtedly a big car—spacious, luxurious and dignified—and of infinite value to the busy man of affairs.

But the Regency's capacity for providing an extremely high degree of comfort for five adults in no way detracts from a remarkable performance, for this aristocrat of a car is also fast and most enjoyably manoeuvrable.

Like every Daimler it handles like silk . . . thanks to fluid

transmission. The Regency is available with $3\frac{1}{2}$ or $4\frac{1}{2}$ litre engine. The $3\frac{1}{2}$ litre gives a cruising speed of over 70 with a top speed of over 80 mph. The corresponding figures for the $4\frac{1}{2}$ litre are 80 and 90 mph.

The price, too, has met with approval—the inclusive figure of £2324. 9. 2 (for the $3\frac{1}{2}$ litre) being generally considered extremely reasonable for such a car. Also causing great interest are the new *specialist's* $4\frac{1}{2}$ litre Sportsman saloon and the new Daimler 'Regina' 7-seater limousine. The Regency Mk.II has the new Dunlop Tubeless Tyres fitted as standard equipment.

'POWER WITH PRESTIGE'



BY APPOINTMENT
The Daimler Co. Limited,
Motor Car Manufacturers
to the late King George VI

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Ford sets the fashion

"My Zephyr-6 . . . head
and shoulders above any other
car I've ever had."

Zephyr 6

FORD 'FIVE-STAR' MOTORING



Hat by

Ronald Paterson

women adore **DAKS** skirts



Put on a Daks skirt and suddenly you feel slimmer, taller, more attractive. It's due partly to the original design and superb hang, partly to the matchless tailoring — those unique virtues which have made all Daks clothes so famous. There are pleated styles for country and golfing freedom, wand-slim shapes for town — all with the famous non-slip waistband. See the lovely tweeds, the baratheas, the colourful plain worsteds, many woven only for Daks. And the prices are so considerate

Couturiers in LONDON . PARIS and BERLIN choose **ACETATE . .**



LANVIN-CASTILLO

select Duchess Satin for this gleaming ball gown for grand occasions.

Fabric by Robert Perrier of Paris . . made from

Celanese

**ACETATE
YARN**

*Photographed by Georges Saad
by courtesy of Art et la Mode*

NOV. 10

1954

Volume CCXIV. No. 2783. TWO SHILLINGS
Postage: Inland 3d. Canada 1½d. Foreign 4d.

Registered as a Newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom



VARIETY SPARKLED FOR THE QUEEN

HER MAJESTY and Princess Margaret acknowledging characteristically the warmth of their reception after the National Anthem had been played at the Royal Variety Performance. With them in the chrysanthemum garlanded Royal Box was the Duke of Edinburgh. The highly successful performance was at the Palladium, and was in aid of the Variety Artists Benevolent Fund



THE HEIR APPARENT, who will be six years of age on Sunday, grows steadily also in the affection of the Queen's subjects. Already he shows, along with undiminished high spirits, a marked sense of occasion, while the decisions on the next step in his progress, formal schooling, are being awaited with an interest both nation-wide and personal

Social Journal

Jennifer

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO PRINCE CHARLES

ALL over the world, those who are concerned with the future will unite in wishing Prince Charles a very happy birthday next Sunday, November 14. He will spend this special day at Windsor Castle with his parents and gay little sister, all of whom will share the exciting moment when the presents are unwrapped. Several young friends have been invited to tea, and there are sure to be many admiring glances at the iced cake with its impressive six candles.

With the loving, gentle guidance of the Queen, who is such a wonderful mother, and encouraged by the Duke's wish that his son

should grow up in a hardy and unaffected way, the Heir to the Throne is developing into an inquiring and intelligent boy, who enjoys instruction in boxing, riding, and his many games and walks with Princess Anne, as well as taking his lessons with Miss Peebles very seriously indeed.

★ ★ ★

I WENT to a most enjoyable cocktail party given by the Hon. David and Mrs. Montagu at their pleasant flat in Oakwood Court. Mrs. Montagu, who is French born and one of the prettiest of our young hostesses, wore a striking cocktail dress from Christian

Dior's latest collection: a black faille with a wool thread drawn through by hand. Both she and her husband were most attentive hosts, so that the party was very gay throughout.

THE Hon. Anthony Montagu was there to help his brother and sister-in-law, and Lord Swaythling came in to join the family party with his wife, who looked charming in a red and black shot poult dress. Lady Swaythling, who takes the keenest interest in the farm and beautiful garden at their home in Surrey, told me she now spends most of her time in the country. Her daughter Mrs. Radclyffe Powell was with her, and they were talking to Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mott, whose daughter

Miranda, a promising painter, was also at the party.

Mrs. Mott, who sings under the name of Helga Mott, was wearing a black velvet coat and little cap, and said she was shortly going to sing at a concert at the Brahms Saal in Vienna. She is also to give one at the British Embassy during her visit, and on her way home will give another concert at the Royaumont Abbey in Paris.

Viscount and Viscountess Savernake were among the many young marrieds there, who also included the Hon. David and Mrs. Erskine, the Hon. Anthony Samuel and his lovely wife, and Lord and Lady Melchett, who came in rather late, both in evening dress. Col. and Mrs. Alastair Villiers brought her sister, Mme. Diez-Hidalgo, who had just arrived from America, M. Fourcade was over from Paris, and I met Mr. Dudley Tooth the great art expert and Mr. Ronald Howe, the brilliant Deputy Commissioner of Police at Scotland Yard. Also there were Signor Foa, Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn Hambro, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Standing, Mr. Bay Laurie, Mr. and Mrs. David Cazenove, Mrs. Peter Samuel and Mr. David Coleridge.

* * *

FROM here I went on to a cocktail party given by Sir Charles Doughty, Q.C., and Lady Doughty, in their Knightsbridge flat. For some months they have not been entertaining very much, as Sir Charles has been Treasurer of the Inner Temple this year, which has meant many official engagements. As was to be expected at the party, guests included several members of the legal profession. Among them were Mr. Justice Morris and Sir Charles's eldest son, Mr. Charles Doughty, who is an exceptionally busy man, as not only is he a Q.C., but M.P. for East Surrey as well. His very charming and capable Australian-born wife was also at the party talking to Mr. Basil Nield, Q.C., who is also a Member of Parliament, for the Chester Division.

I met Lady Doughty's son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Rylands—the latter a very successful author of children's books under the name of Betty Larom. She has just written a new book called *The Three Little Bears*, which Collins are publishing early next year. Sir Charles's only daughter, Mrs. Pope, Sir Norman and Lady Vernon, Dr. and Mrs. Carver, Mr. John Dyson and His Honour Judge William Andrew were others at this party.

* * *

PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE, President and Chairman of the National Children Adoption Association, brought a big party to the Hallowe'en Ball at the Dorchester which is organized annually to raise funds for the Association. With her were the Earl of Athlone and their only daughter Lady May Abel Smith, with her husband Col. Sir Henry Abel Smith and their daughters Anne and Elizabeth, the latter a debutante this year, looking very pretty in a sky blue taffeta dress. Others in the party were the Hon. Juliet Forester, Miss Prudence McCorquodale, Mr. Timothy Renton, Mr. James Buchanan and Mr. John Nixon.

Lady Mancroft, chairman of the ball, who wore a black velvet dress trimmed with white ermine, also had a big party at a nearby table. Lord Mancroft was unable to accompany her as he was at Leeds fulfilling a public engagement. Her party included her mother-in-law, the Dowager Lady Mancroft, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tiarks who had only returned from America in the Queen Mary the previous day, Mr. and Mrs. Reggie Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Hague, the latter very pretty in a full

skirted peacock green dress, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Methven, Mr. and Mrs. Addis and Mr. Tom Roath who had come over from Milan for the Motor Show.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Robinson—the latter had worked very hard once again helping her mother Mrs. Plummer with arrangements for the ball—had another big party including Lord Hacking and his wife, who was in a black lace dress. They had just returned from a short visit to Paris where Lady Hacking had had her beautiful auburn hair cut much shorter. Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Don, Miss Bridget Heaton Armstrong, Mr. Morven Crofton, Mr. and Mrs. David Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. George Frost and Lord Grey were also in this party.

A REAL Hallowe'en touch was given at the end of dinner when about twenty of the women guests, wearing tall black witches' hats, went round the room selling balloons which contained lucky numbers. There was a splendid tombola with some grand prizes and towards the end of the evening everyone seemed to have won something.

It was, as always, a gay ball, with no long-drawn-out raffles or auctions, and there was an amusing cabaret. At midnight Princess Alice, who looked very charming in a beaded shell pink satin dress, drew the numbers for the lucky programme prizewinners. These prizes again were magnificent, and included a four-day luxury trip on the s.s. America, kindly given by the United States Lines, a lady's bicycle given by B.S.A. Cycles Ltd., two air tickets to Le Touquet given by Silver City Airways, and a set of air suitcases given by Spartan Luggage.

Many young people were at this ball and among those I saw dancing were the Hon. Hazel Scott-Ellis with Sir Nicholas Nuttall, Mr. John Parshall, Miss Jane Rue, Miss Mary Mount dancing with Mr. Charles Smith-Bingham, Mr. John Ross-Skinner, Miss Rosemary Freestone-Barnes and Lady Rose Bligh who were among the busy programme sellers early in the evening, Mr. Lindsay Phillips and Mr. Bill Swinley with his sister Patty, who were up from their home in Gloucestershire.

* * *

MANY people are beginning to plan winter sports holidays in Switzerland this season. For those with children, holidays usually have to be arranged in the Christmas vacation; others with no such ties usually go a little later when there is more certainty of good snow for ski-ing and the sun is getting warmer. There is always the big problem of which resort to visit.

For those with young families I was interested to hear that in several places special "junior training" has been arranged through the local ski-club under the auspices of the Ski-Club of Great Britain. This is for boys and girls from 12-18 who are keen to ski really well and possibly race. Among ski-clubs sponsoring this training are the Kandahar Club at Murren, the Downhill Only Club at Wengen, the Villars Visitors Club at Villars, Mardens Club at Klosters, Harlequins at Engelberg and the Silleran Ski-Club at Adelboden. A picked few of the young trainees who show promise will have a chance of going to Grindelwald for four days centralized training just before the Junior Championships, which are to be held there on January 13. Grindelwald is, of course, always a splendid place to take children to ski. Incidentally the British Ladies' Championships are also taking place at Grindelwald on January 13.

Gstaad is another favourite spot for keen ski-ers and this year the British Ski Championships for men are being held there from January 6-8, and the race for the Duke of Kent's Cup



THE HON. MRS. EDMUND IRONSIDE holding her baby daughter, Fiona, dressed in a 150 years old family christening robe, at St. Mary's, Wootton, Beds. Fiona is the granddaughter of Field-Marshal Lord Ironside



AMANDA JANE, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Naylor-Leyland, was christened at Christ Church, Eldon Street, W.8. The baby is seen here in the arms of her mother. The godparents were Viscountess Ednam, Mrs. John Bryce, the Hon. Robin Plunket and Capt. Richard Gubbins

[Continued overleaf]

Continuing The Social Journal

Curtain Raisers for
Switzerland

on January 9. At St. Moritz, the highest aerial cable railway in Switzerland, Corviglia—Piz Nair, opens early in December. This will enable ski-ers to enjoy many new and longer runs down to St. Moritz. There will be international ski races between English and Swiss students here early in the New Year.

I prefer to go out late to this resort, which has not only ski-ing, but the most exciting bobsleigh and skeleton races to watch—the latter on the famous Cresta Run—some of the best ice hockey matches in the country, and horse racing on the frozen lake; all in a most glamorous setting.

THE three big annual Winter Sports balls in London have already been fixed, and many more plans for trips to the Alps will no doubt be made at these. Firstly there is the Downhill Only Club's dinner-dance at the Savoy on November 24. Sir Malcolm Trustram Eve is the guest of honour and will make a brief speech after dinner. At this gathering there will be many devotees of Wengen, headquarters of the D.H.O. and one of the best places in which to spend a Christmas holiday. Members can get tickets for this ball from Robert Giddings, Esq., Canon's Hotel, Ware, Herts.

On December 2 the Kandahar Ski Club will hold their dinner-dance at the Savoy. This is sure to bring together some of the finest ski-ers, both past and present, many of whom no doubt began their ski-ing at Mürren with the help and encouragement of Sir Arnold Lunn.

Lastly, on December 10, there will be the Cresta Ball at the Park Lane Hotel. Here many personalities of the St. Moritz Tobogganing Club will be present. Lord Brabazon of Tara is President of the Club, which supervises the building and maintenance of the famous Cresta Run at St. Moritz each season. He himself still goes down the run in the most fearless style. Lady Brabazon is chairman of the ball, and helping her on the committee are Mrs. John Crammond and Mrs. Eric Rylands, whose husbands both ride the Cresta, Lady Wakefield, whose husband is a fine skier, Mrs. Anthony Duncan and Mrs. Vernon Pope. Tickets for this ball can be had from the Hon. Secretary, Cresta Ball, 7 Berkeley Street, W.1.

A BRIDE FOR
SPRING

Miss Daphne Cooper, elder daughter of Capt. E. T. Cooper, C.B.E., D.S.O., R.N., and Mrs. Cooper, of the Manor House, East Marden, near Chichester, is engaged to Mr. John Maynard, only son of Mrs. A. Cotton, of Buchanans, Littleton, near Winchester, and the late Mr. A. J. Maynard



Pearl Freeman

Ann Lady Orr-Lewis gave a very amusing cocktail party in honour of Mrs. Bob Holt, who has just arrived over from Canada via New York. Mrs. Holt is staying at Claridge's until the end of the month, when she is going over to the Continent before returning to Nassau. She is a gay and vivacious personality, and one of the most generous and kind hostesses at her lovely home in Nassau, where many English friends have enjoyed her hospitality and her wonderful bathing and luncheon parties at weekends. Mrs. Holt also has a great many friends in Montreal where she lived for many years. Nowadays she only goes up there each summer, though her daughter, Mrs. Timothy Dunn, and three grandsons live in that city.

The cocktail party took place in Lady Orr-Lewis's picturesque little mews house off Belgrave Square, which is painted white with blue window frames, blue and white striped sunblinds and window boxes still gay with flowers. Among those who came to meet Mrs. Holt were the Spanish Ambassador, the

Austrian Ambassador and Mme. Wimmer, who are all near neighbours with their embassies in Belgrave Square, and the Cuban Ambassador, who with his beautiful wife, Mme. Mendoza, has moved into a house in Hyde Park Street this autumn. Earl Beatty came with his lovely wife, who was in black with a little white collar, Lady George Scott was there in a becoming black dress with a tulle skirt, and Mrs. Charles Mills, also in black, looked very chic. She and her husband had motored up from Newmarket for the party.

OTHERS there were the Earl of Dudley, his brother the Hon. George Ward, Under-Secretary of State for Air, Mrs. Jean Garland, Mr. Whitney and Lady Daphne Straight, Mr. and Mrs. Robin McAlpine and his youngest brother, Mr. Kenneth McAlpine, who was talking to attractive Miss Hilary Laing, one of our best women skiers today.

Mrs. Aileen Plunket, looking lovely in a black paper taffeta evening dress with an exquisite diamond necklace, and escorted by



A Cocktail Party to Meet the Marchioness of Northampton, Chairman of the Royal Film Performance
Mr. William Ropner, Miss Caroline Levy and Mrs. Vera Taylor were three of the committee at the Twenty-One Room



Mr. and Mrs. Hyla Holden were also there. The party was given by Miss Monica Michell, the vice-chairman



Mrs. Paul Douglas-Morris, Miss Barbara Brownhead, daughters of the president of the Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund



Betty Swache

YOUNG ARTIST TO MARRY

Miss Ann Bridges Webb, who since her début in 1952 has studied art, and is shortly to hold an exhibition, is engaged to Mr. James Michael Thomson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Thomson, of Kellyfield, by Dundee. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Bridges Webb, of Westminster Gardens, S.W.1, and of Sussex

Mr. Cornelius Dresselhuys, came in early. She told me she was off to Paris next day. Sir John Gilmour, who had just returned from America, was there, also Mr. and Mrs. Peter Thursby, Mr. Billy Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Ivanovic and his sister, Mrs. Maclean, the Hon. James Mason, Mrs. Rosie Clyde, Lt.-Col. John Ward and Prince Tasio Furstenburg, who came over from Italy to bring his daughter, who is now going to school here.

Lady Orr-Lewis, who looked chic in black, had her young son, Mr. Glen Allen, to help her look after her guests at this very good party which went on until nine. Mr. Allen has just finished his National Service and is starting work in the City in January.

★ ★ ★

To celebrate the nineteenth birthday of their only daughter, Miss Beverly Snyder, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Snyder gave a small dance at their delightful house in Phillimore Place. It was held in the panelled

drawing-room and a buffet supper was arranged in the adjacent dining-room. Beverly who looked sweet in a white tulle dress with white roses over one shoulder, had many of her young friends there who had also made their début last season. Among them were Miss Sally Russell, looking pretty in blue and partnered by Mr. Brian Harris, Miss Alison Glover and Miss Moya Harrison, who both had their coming out dances last summer at their homes in the country, as did Miss Fiona Duthy, who was also at this dance, and Sir Andrew and Lady Clark's two daughters, Jennifer, who came out three years ago, and Susan, who made her début last season.

Miss Heather Turner-Laing looked enchanting in a ballet-length black lace dress and was dancing a Charleston better than anyone else in the room. Her brother, Mr. Graham Turner-Laing was there, also Miss Janet Illingworth, Mr. George Earl, Miss Sarah Legge, Miss Jane Buckley, Mr. Robin Gladstone, Mr. John-Miles Huntington-Whiteley and many more young friends, who

all gathered round to watch Beverly cut her birthday cake, which had nineteen candles. The Hon. Denys and Mrs. Buckley were among the very few older guests, who were mostly relations and included Mr. Cyril Raphael, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Raphael, Mrs. Sherwill and Mrs. Montagu Temple.

Pictures of the party will be found on pages 352-3.

★ ★ ★

LADY JULIET DUFF, the Hon. David Astor and Mr. Richard Buckle received the guests at the Private View of the magnificent Diaghilev exhibition, now showing at Forbes House in Halkin Street. This fine mansion, for many years the home of the Earls of Granard, has been transformed into a fairy-tale palace. Newly hung Edwardian wall-papers make a background for the many colourful designs of scenery, portraits, sketches, programmes, costumes, manuscripts and sculptures, which are all included in this nostalgic show. The collection was first shown in Edinburgh during the recent Festival and it will now be open for everyone to enjoy at Forbes House until December 4.

Mr. Richard Buckle, Director of the venture, who has been the moving spirit behind it, made a short speech from half-way up the wide staircase, before the Countess of Harewood, wearing a black lace dress with long pink gloves and diamond necklace and ear-rings, opened the exhibition. She made a short and charming speech, and was followed by Tamara Karsavina, the leading dancer in many of Diaghilev's ballets, who referred to several amusing incidents during the years she spent with it. A portrait of this great dancer, painted by Wilfrid de Glehn, is in the exhibition.

Lady Astor, in a parma violet satin dress and diamonds, was an early arrival with her daughter-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. "Jakey" Astor, whose husband came on later. Serge Litaloff, who was discovered by Diaghilev, and made his name in the latter's ballet, was showing Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Churchill the exhibits.

At the opening, I also saw Mr. Ian Hunter (Director of the Edinburgh Festival) and his pretty wife, the Earl of Harewood, Sir John Rothenstein, the Hon. James Smith, Viscountess Norwich, lovely in black, looking at the paintings with Mr. Michael Renshaw and Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Bobby Burns. The Hon. Randal Plunkett I saw admiring the sculpture, and nearby were Mr. and Mrs. Ian Fleming, Mrs. Peter Kemp-Welch, Lady

(Continued overleaf)



Mr. C. Blackmore was at a table with Mrs. C. W. Jacob, who was formerly chairman of the Chester Circle of the Fund



Mr. J. A. C. Pratt and Miss F. J. Rowse were two of the young people who greatly appreciated this ball at the Grosvenor Hotel



Mrs. Norman Goldson, president of the Chester Circle of the Fund, talking to Mrs. and Mrs. Bill Thomas of Anglesey

King George's Fund for Sailors benefited by a Ball given at Chester

Continuing The Social Journal

M. Christian Dior
at Blenheim

Violet Bonham-Carter, Sir Michael Duff, Frank Lawton, Lady Caroline Freud and Lady (Charlotte) Bonham-Carter, while as I was leaving I met Mrs. Ghislaine Alexander coming up the wide staircase with Lord Astor.

★ ★ ★

MANY people, especially those in the Midlands, who wished to see a collection of Paris models by the great French designer, Christian Dior, were recently able to fulfil their wishes in a unique and wonderful setting, yet in their own district. The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough lent Blenheim Palace, their magnificent home in Oxfordshire, for a dress show of Dior's winter collection, in aid of the British Red Cross Society for which the Duchess of Marlborough has worked hard for many years. Princess Margaret, looking charming in a mink coat and white hat trimmed with black velvet, was there and took the keenest interest in all the clothes. At the end she congratulated M. Dior on his collection.

On arrival Her Royal Highness was met by the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough and Mrs. Ann Bryans, deputy chairman of the B.R.C.S., and later took her seat in the centre of the Long Gallery. The Duchess of Marlborough, who had personally worked indefatigably for this show, I saw supervising the final arrangements, also her daughter, Lady Caroline Waterhouse, and her son and daughter-in-law, the Marquess and Marchioness of Blandford.

AMONG the audience were the Earl and Countess of Normanton, Major and the Hon. Mrs. John Wills, Sir Arthur and Lady Evans, the Hon. Mrs. Thomas Hazlerigg, Mme. Ivanovic with Mrs. Stanley Cayzer, and the Hon. Mrs. David Montagu.

Others present included Lady St. Just with her mother, Mrs. Rex Benson, Mrs. Harold Phillips, Lady Palmer, Lady Gifford Fox, Major and Mrs. Charles Radclyffe, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Cobbold, Lord Porchester, the Countess of Dudley, Lady Lettice Ashley-Cooper, Mrs. John Ward, and Lady Bird, who had motored from her Warwickshire home.

M. Dior had flown over specially from Paris for the occasion. This was his second visit to Blenheim as he had come over three weeks previously to discuss plans with the Duchess of Marlborough and to see the superb setting for his clothes. These were all shown by French mannequins who, after dressing in the Coral Room, paraded up and down the Long Library, through the State Dining Room, the Green Writing Room, the Red and Green Drawing Rooms and finally the Grand Cabinet. At the end of the show, which was attended by 1,600 guests, who paid five guineas each for their seats, I heard many of those present acclaiming the lovely clothes and the genius of their designer.

A large number of the audience came early so that before the show they had an opportunity of looking over Blenheim, one of the finest ancestral homes in Great Britain. As they left, they saw the Palace floodlit, a memorable picture with which to end an enjoyable afternoon.

★ ★ ★

THE County of London Branch of the British Red Cross Society are holding their Red Cross Ball at the Dorchester Hotel on November 23. Tickets from the Hon. Secretary, Ball Committee, B.R.C.S., 6 Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.1.



Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and her son-in-law, Col. Sir Henry Abel Smith, much appreciated the cabaret singer



Mr. Dick Viney, Miss Joan Hutton and Mr. David Wilkinson were three others at this most successful event

HALLOWE'EN BALL HELPED CHILDREN

A VERY gratifying attendance marked the Hallowe'en Ball given at the Dorchester in aid of the National Children Adoption Association. H.R.H. Princess Alice, president and chairman of the Association, was present with the Earl of Athlone. Much of the success of the event was due to their interest and to the organizing work of the ball chairman, Lady Mancroft



Miss Elizabeth Abel Smith, in witch's hat, sells a "lucky number" balloon to Miss Louise Elliot and Mr. Timothy Renton



Miss Angela Warwick, wearing a striking ball dress, was chatting with Lt.-Cdr. A. H. E. Hood



Mr. Henry Tiarks, who had just returned from America, was having an after-supper conversation with Mrs. and Mr. Derek Hague

Swaebe

COMTESSE EDOUARD DECAZES is here seen at her home in Switzerland. Formerly Miss Caroline Scott, of Richmond, Virginia, she is the wife of Comte Edouard Decazes, younger brother of the present Duc Decazes. The Count, who has racing interests in France, often visits Britain with the Comtesse to attend race meetings. They have a young daughter Marie-Caroline, aged three



F. J. Goodman

**Priscilla
in Paris**

Gala Magnificent

IT was an amiable coincidence that a brilliant gala-première at the State theatre of the Comédie Française should take place during the Paris palaver of the Nine Personages. Those who had brought their ministering angels to the rendezvous must have been glad that the ladies should enjoy so pleasant and gracious an entertainment.

The revival of *Les Amants Magnifique*, a "divertissement royal" that Molière was commissioned to write in 1670 by Louis XIV and in which the king himself played the rôles of Neptune and Apollo at the first performance, was a fitting pageant for the *beau monde* invited to the Comédie that evening.

All the usual habitués were present, from the truly famous to the pleasantly notorious; the lovelies in their loveliest frocks and several of the more distinguished makers of those frocks; stars of the ballet, burbling gratefully of the royal way they had been entertained in London; in short, the tinker-tailor, soldier-sailor, apothecary and playboy element of all successful public get-togethers.

PRESENT also were celebrities we see less often. General Ganeval, who represented the President of the Republic, minister Berthoin, who is in office to teach the young their ABC, Maurice Lehmann, Marcel Boussac, General Catroux, Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, the duc de Brissac, Lady Diana

Cooper, Mme. André Maurois, Mme. Vaudoier, the baronne de Mareuil, the duchesse de la Rochefoucauld, to name but a few.

During the interval Lady Jebb and Lady Eden visited the *foyer des artistes* where Maurice Escande did the honours of that historical Green Room. He had a grand air in the rich velvets, laces and ribbons; the silver-clocked hose and the curled peruke of Ariste, the rôle he had just played in Molière's *l'Ecole des Maris* that preceded the *Amants Magnifiques*.

As an entertainment this revival of the *divertissement* partakes of the comedy—of the ballet, of the transformation scenes of an old-fashioned Christmas pantomime, of the operetta and of the splendour of a revue at the Casino de Paris! Although the manuscript has been safely preserved, the scenic indications of the production have been lost. This allowed latitude to introduce various interludes permitting the animals of La Fontaine's fables to take part in the play, dancing and miming to the music of Lulli.

The ever-changing scenery glides miraculously into place in view of the audience. A glittering, monumental staircase unfolds its innumerable steps where, a moment earlier, a dark grotto gloomed. Neptune rises from the sea, Venus descends from the heavens. . . . Mme. Suzanne Laliq is the designer of costumes and décor. They are enchanting

and one was amused by the fantasy of the four, many-branched candelabra that illuminated the street scene of *l'Ecole des Maris*. Apparently they were suspended from space; but it is possible, of course, that there were flying saucers in the seventeenth century also!

Mesdames Annie Duceux, Renée Faure, M.M. Jean Dubucourt, Jacques Charon, Henri Rollan, Roland Alexandre are some of the famous *comédiens français* who bring the production to life, together with an army of young dancers from the Dancing School of the Opera and players from the Conservatoire.

ROBERT HIRSCH, in the rôle of the King's jester, enjoyed one of the greatest successes of his already successful career. Not only is he a remarkable actor, but he sings and dances like a professional. Twice he almost stopped the show, but even the most enthusiastic applause remains decorous at the Français and we could hardly make a leading lady wait while we applauded the brilliant *enfant terrible* of the company.

What those spectators who were visiting the Comédie for the first time may have thought of their evening with Molière I do not know, but I overheard the comment of a young person who evidently was more accustomed to the Thursday matinées of Corneille and Racine: "As good as a circus," she chuckled delightedly.

Arrière-pensée

● When asked to write his memoirs the great actor Pierre Magnier replied: "I have lost my memory . . . and in the rôle of a writer there are no prompters."



Barry Swaebe

*The Marchioness Townshend in her
Dining-Room at Historic Raynham Hall*

NORFOLK CHÂTELAINE

ONE of the great houses of the land, Raynham Hall, in Norfolk, now owes much of its interior splendour to the taste of the Marchioness Townshend, who replanned it after the wear and tear of wartime requisitioning. The Marchioness does much public work and is Divisional President of the Red Cross in Norfolk. She is a keen shot, though partridge shooting over the eight thousand acre estate this year was disappointing after an excellent hatch. With the Marquess and their three children she hopes to go abroad for a winter sports holiday, as all the family are ski-ing enthusiasts



*The Sun Shines on the Wetterhorn as
they Climb in a Deep Blue Sky*

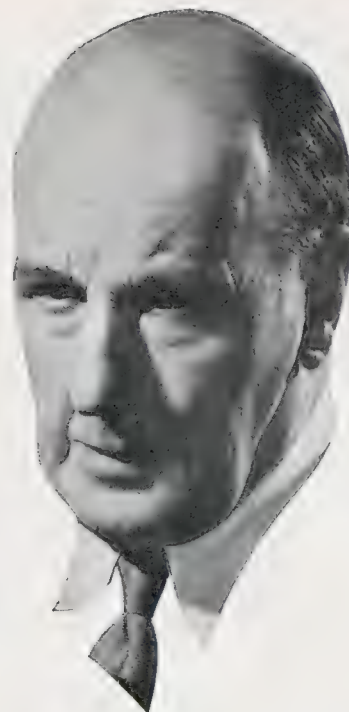
ALPINE GRANDEUR

GRINDELWALD, an extremely popular ski-ing centre in Switzerland, has since the war opened this chairlift to First lying on the slopes under the Great Scheidegg. This provides a run of four thousand feet back to Grindelwald amidst incomparable scenery. The famous Männlichen run has been recognized for over fifty years as one of the finest in Europe, or there are two other alternatives via the Wengernalp Railway—the Scheidegg-Alpiglen or the Tschuggen. With fine ice-rinks and an excellent selection of hotels, Grindelwald has visitors from December to the end of April

THE UNFOLDING OCTAVE OF WINTER SPORTS

• Lord Brabazon of Tara •

THE author, distinguished in a score of different fields from aviation to public work, is a pioneer of Winter Sports in Switzerland, and at seventy is ideally qualified to summarize the attractions the Alps hold for every age



THE Editor has asked me to write on "Winter Sports and Age." He gives me the ages as eight to eighty—a wide range.

The first and most important thing is to choose your parents very carefully, so that you are a healthy specimen, and that your parents, besides producing you, are well enough off to be able to send you at an early age to Switzerland for Winter Sports.

What can you do at eight?

Well, if you are to become a world champion at skating you are almost too old to start. But there is no doubt that it is in childhood, when falls are from such a short height and do not hurt, that you can best acquire such familiarity with your skates as to feel, for ever after, completely at home on ice.

As to skiing, eight is about the right time to start. A child should be properly taught at the beginning, as it takes long to eradicate the mistakes of style and poise so easily acquired by the ignorant. It is nothing short of a miracle, the tosses and twists that a child of eight can be subject to without any ill effects whatsoever. Similar falls at later ages would be hospital cases.

ONCE you have acquired the skill, you have learned something that will endure and afford you infinite pleasure for a good fifty years. You will be at your fastest and most reckless period at about eighteen, and at your most careful period at about sixty!

There are variations of skiing that are very ambitious such as jumping, and there is always skijoring.

The first I should not recommend after thirty, as it is alarming and bonebreaking, but skijoring, if you get on well with horses, is good fun. The horse is usually in charge of you, although you may think otherwise.

Young girls might think that disclosing the remarkable physiological fact that they are bipeds by wearing trousers, and boots so big as to appear quite startling, they thereby sacrifice the possibility of being found attractive to the male sex. Experience shows the very opposite. Be careful, however, and get everything right, as this sort of kit is the only one a man understands in detail and can appraise.

At about sixteen, if you are a boy, you will cast interesting glances at the Cresta, having heard a good deal about it if you have been at headquarters at all near St. Moritz. Certainly you should try it, but I warn you it is rather like California, once experienced you have got to go back, and your career upon this world-famous and unique run may last till you are about forty-five. Some can remain first-class even older, the notable names being Jack Heaton and Lord Grimthorpe.

As to bobsleighing, or bobbing—here you can enjoy yourself for many years, first of all as one of the crew, and later in charge of steering. As crew, the heavier you are the more welcome you will be. Good runs are now to be found in many places. I do not advise doing both tobogganing and bobbing, as it will not leave you time for the

joys of skiing. Skiing, it must be remembered, is always taking you to new fields. You can travel about the mountains enjoying vista after vista of enchanting scenery, compared with being tied to one locality as you are in tobogganing and bobbing.

CURIOUS as it sounds to me now, I found years ago great amusement in "tailing" parties at night. Here, armed with a luge just big enough for one, upon which for some unknown reason one attempts to accommodate two, one sallies forth with others into the cold night and attaches oneself to a horse-drawn sleigh, to do a journey to some neighbouring hostelry. The spills and accidents, and quite indescribable mixups, that occur, want to be experienced to be believed. This form of certifiable madness is for the young only.

Now we come to curling, known as the "roaring game" not curiously enough from the noise made by the players, but from the sound made by a stone on a proper lake.

There is no doubt this game makes a great appeal to the less youthful, and participants live for it and for nothing else.

Of all the Winter Sports introduced entirely by the British, curling has caught on most. The Engadinners have taken it to their hearts, and to defeat a representative team of St. Moritz taxes us very severely now. The great Jackson Cup, the Derby of curling, has been won by the Swiss, to the consternation of the British.

NO account of Alpine diversions can be complete without reference to "Indoor Winter Sports" for, being dark by five, one does spend a considerable amount of time indoors. The effect of high altitudes on the constitution is curious.

First of all one feels extremely fit and vigorous, besides which, for some reason, very little sleep is required. This lends itself to an atmosphere very lively and entertaining, much different from that of a London club, so well described as being "as if a nobleman lay dead upstairs"!

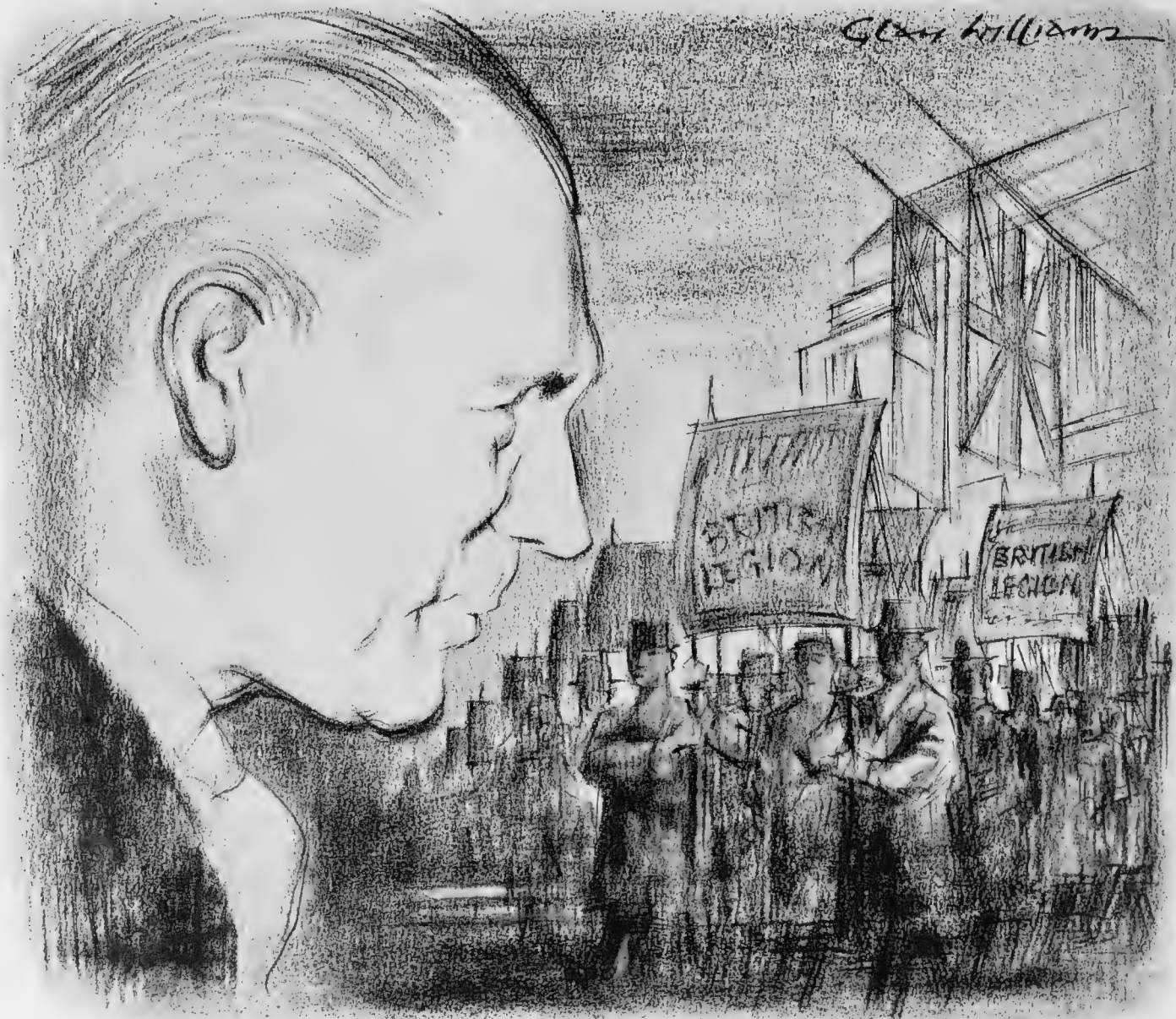
Taken broadly, I should say there was more joy to be got out of Winter Sports by individuals of all ages than from any other holiday.

The children can keep themselves busy learning; the teenagers can break their bones (if they wish to risk injury) with the greatest of ease, and the mature can indulge their fancy soberly and without risk.

Why Winter Sports are so popular and make such a grand holiday is because all values change and one's whole purpose in life is concentrated on sliding, sometimes on the level, but more usually downhill. All of these forms of locomotion are absorbing and pleasant but precarious and difficult. Winter Sports in every way contradict the old Latin tag, *Fascilis descensus . . . est.* Only in the indoor sports is it true!



Italian State Tourist



LT.-COL. SIR IAN FRASER, C.H., C.B.E., M.P., has been Chairman of the Executive Council of St. Dunstan's since 1921, and National President of the British Legion since 1947. So closely has he identified himself with both these causes that he has become symbolic of them—yet an active symbol indeed, for his work has been as unceasing as his grasp of administrative detail is firm. He first entered Parliament in 1924, and in his twenty-six years as a legislator has shown a breadth of inner vision which might be envied by many without the handicap of blindness, and a fighting spirit which has asked no indulgence on that account. He married the former Miss Irene Mace, C.B.E., and they have one daughter

Roundabout

—Paul Holt

THE Rt. Hon. Walter Elliot, who is a Privy Councillor, Companion of Honour, a holder of the Military Cross, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and of the Royal College of Physicians and also a Member of Parliament, came out with a remarkable thought at the annual Colchester oyster feast the other day.

He said that he had been so impressed by the delicacy of wall paintings done by cave-men many centuries before the Christian time that he was convinced that

these gentlemen were highly cultivated persons and not at all the kind of people who knock their wives down with a club and drag them off by the hair.

He had noticed, he continued, a strong "love" of animals in these paintings, a tenderness of line, which had convinced him of the culture of these primitive men.

And, regarding his audience sternly, he hinted quite pointedly that we are only just approaching again a similar culture. By this I took him to mean that while

Stubbs and Munnings have in recent centuries painted animals with a tender care our modern treatment of women still leaves much to be desired.

MR. ELLIOT's was easily the best speech, because all the other talkers made strong references to that supposed quality of the oyster, which is not an after luncheon subject of any great potency.

Col. Robert Henriques, whom I

remember during the war as a briefing officer (he had to explain how battles were going, which is an impossible task), made a great attack on the present campaign to suppress obscenity in books.

Quoting Lord Justice Cockburn's remark in 1857: "... obscenity is something liable to deprave and corrupt those who are likely to be depraved and corrupted," he cried aloud for writers to be allowed to write as they please, without fear of censorship.

Although I felt strongly that he is right, and that the only censor worth a sniff is the public itself, I could not for the life of me associate his plea with the innocent bivalve we were gathered to praise and consume.

There were four thousand oysters eaten on this occasion.

But many more than that number of words were spoken.

★ ★ ★

DAPHNE FIELDING, who is described on the dust jacket of her new book* as "formerly the Marchioness of Bath," is nevertheless a most lively and amusing lady.

She writes of an age when a certain amount of money and a good deal of leisure produced the most glorious eccentricities in the world.

She can tell how her grandfather, Robert Fanning, brought two ladies of the town home, tucked them in bed with his wife and stood at the foot of the bed with a revolver in his hand, threatening to shoot the first one that moved and then, when the drink died down in him, left to refresh the well of his intention, whereupon the three ladies left smartly for another place.

She can tell how she married the Marquess of Bath so secretly, and with so many involved adventures that they had to get married all over again, with solemn nuptial faces, when their parents accused them of living in sin.

ALL this is gay and frivolous and the telling has something of the quality of Sir Osbert Sitwell's reminiscences, a remembrance of a graceful (though mad) England.

Then suddenly this lady turns to write about Longleat, the beautiful house of her husband in Wiltshire. And she writes of it with such loving care you can almost see her fingers touching the treasures.

It is an extraordinary performance for an amateur writer, to evoke an atmosphere so well.

She left the Marquess of Bath because he loves Longleat and she hungered for adventure around the world.

Yet in all this entertaining book the truest passages are about Longleat.

How odd women are, to be sure.

* *Mercury Presides* (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 21s.)

The Diaghilev Exhibition at Forbes House near Hyde Park is one of the most exciting artistic displays to be seen in London for years. It was originally opened at the Edinburgh Festival this summer and is now in London for the winter.

Most interesting about it is that the taste of the great ballet impresario, although baroque, matches magnificently with modern taste. There is a liveliness of line and colour here I cannot praise too much.

THE original display was organized by Edinburgh students of art and some of them have come to London to supervise this new arrangement of the treasures. And it is most amusing to see how, in the preparation, they have been bossing and ordering everybody in sight in what a friend of mine calls "that impossible dour Scottish way." They are making London girls jump to it as though they were in the Army.

The second pleasure in visiting the house before the opening was to notice the great joy they all have not only in the display of beauty but in destruction.

Forbes House, the old home of the Earl of Granard, who was Master of the Horse, is to be pulled down after the exhibition is over

and the knocking about of walls and floors, staircases and ceilings has been done with the greatest vigour and joy.

Youth at play is a splendidly lusty thing to watch.

REACTIONARY

*He wheedled from the stolid mass
Its slumbering symmetry; alas,
The critics said they'd sooner see
Him sculpt contemporaneously...*

*His gnawing genius—thwarted—turns
To shape superior garden urns.*

—JEAN STANGER

As an Eighth Army correspondent reminds me, despite their grievances, which after all are the especial prerogative of all soldiers, they had too their richly savoured local jokes. There was endless quiet fun to be extracted from the sport of inventing new regiments for the gilded elegance of G.H.Q., universally known as "The Gabardine Swine." Some of these deserve perpetuation, for example, "Groppi's Light Horse," "The Bardia Sappers and Miners," "The Shepherds Fool Guards," "The Short Range Desert Group," "The Gizereh Rifles," and "The Turf Club Fusiliers."

Of all the armies in the field, the Eighth has preserved its secret freemasonry with more genuine affection than any other body of survivors, probably, I think, because they were of necessity close to each other: their circumstances were rough and often hazardous, but without much of the attendant cruelty of warfare.

Pillage, disease and horrors were largely absent: the battle was against sand primarily and men secondarily.

I have never met a man from the Desert who has not been touched by its strong masculine mystique, however lacking in poetry his memories were. Nor have I met one who did not freely admit he would like to see the old place again—as the most private of individuals.



Major-Gen. D. Wimberley, with Sir John Cameron, Q.C., and Lieut.-Gen. Sir Colin Barber, C.-in-C. Scottish Command



Major and Mrs. A. E. McLeod were in conversation with Mrs. and Major Chalmers Miller



The Highland Division gave their reunion dinner at Gleneagles Hotel, Perthshire, when two of the guests were Brig. J. A. Oliver and Brig. Lord Thurlow

At the Theatre

The Savoy Miracle

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood



IN A COURTYARD OF OLD JAPAN the self-esteeming Pooh-Bah (Fisher Morgan) has a rendezvous with the brisk and practical Ko-Ko (Peter Pratt) and the tuneful dreamer Nanki-Poo (Neville Griffiths)

TAKING a night off to go to the present Gilbert and Sullivan Savoy season is a curious experience for one used to the ways of other first night audiences. That there is comparable excitement is manifest; yet it is excitement of a kind that bafflingly fences itself off from the outsider attempting to share it.

If he ponders the difference he need not ponder long. Audiences with which he is familiar may have come to see the revival of a comedy they have known all their lives. They are all agog to see it again—but in what new way will it be presented this time? They take it for granted that every fresh revival must be a new reading. *Love's Labour's Lost*, as produced by Mr. Frith Banbury at the Old Vic, is expected to be a very different thing from *Love's Labour's Lost* as it was produced on the same stage a few years ago by Mr. Hugh Hunt. Much of the excitement of these audiences springs, then, from the immediate prospect of deciding what the precise differences are.

EXCITEMENT at the Savoy as the curtain is about to rise on *The Mikado* develops quite another tension. Will anything happen, by accident or ill-advised design, to vary the expected, the familiar, the sacrosanct ritual?

It is unlikely, but it is a surprising world and the rapt ritualists never feel quite easy till the final curtain is down and the thing has happened to them once again to their entire satisfaction. This inducement of anxiety in the excitement is what has puzzled the outsider. Unable to share it, he may have turned to his programme and wondered, no doubt impertinently, about Miss Bridget D'Oyly Carte's quality as a producer.

Vain wonder, of course; for *The Mikado*, though often re-furbished with new scenery, new dresses and new properties, was produced by Gilbert in the eighties; and the function of all subsequent producers has been simply to make sure that things are done today exactly as he decided they ought to be done then.

It is easy to become something of a ritualist oneself as the opera unfolds its maze of intricate and varied measures. Why change

movements which comfortably link the lyric movement of "A Wandering Minstrel I" to the grotesque narrative of "Our Great Mikado, Virtuous Man" to the satirically lively, "As Some Day It May Happen That A Victim Must Be Found" to the delightfully inane, "On A Tree By A River" and the solemnly ridiculous "There Is A Beauty In The Billow Of The Blast?" Halfway through the evening one is all for the purity of the text of both words and music; but doubts about the comic business tend to grow.

SEEING the comedians of the House of Molière in action one can readily believe that this happy gesture or that droll incongruity is what it is as the result of centuries of brooding about the same bit of business. Subtle readjustments have made it seem as right today as it was when Molière invented or approved of it; but a great deal of

the business employed by the comedians in this production has a stubbornly old-fashioned air, as though it had been handed down the decades simply as a matter of tradition and with little or no imaginative re-shaping. Some time or other this particular tradition will have to be quickened or it will die.

ODDLY enough, Mr. Peter Pratt's Ko-Ko suffers less than other characters from this dead hand. Mr. Pratt makes us realize the cheap tailor all through, no matter how grim the executioner's panoply they put upon him. His performance is fresher than any of the others, Mr. Fisher Morgan's relish of Pooh-Bah's iniquities is relatively passive and Mr. Donald Adams undoubtedly loses a good deal of the Mikado's humour by underlining it too heavily. But there remained much to make a dramatic critic's night off pass pleasantly.



BEHIND THEIR FANS, the Three Little Maids from School, Pitti-Sing (Joyce Wright), Yum-Yum (Tatiana Preston) and Peep-Bo (Beryl Dixon) fail to charm the severe Katisha (Ann Drummond-Grant) with their singing



Anthony Buckley

"... HONEYMOON IN LONDON"

EVELYN LAYE is the gay and beloved heroine of *Wedding in Paris*, the gay British musical which has just celebrated its 250th performance at the Hippodrome. Her immense success in the 'twenties and 'thirties was for years obscured by a series of mischances such as only the theatre knows, but now she has returned to enjoy what appears likely to be an indefinitely prolonged honeymoon with her faithful London public

London Limelight

The Ha'porth of Tar

"THE TALES OF HOFFMAN," with which our Opera House opened its season, has much of the ponderous beauty of the hindquarters of an elephant. A fortune must have been spent on the production and there is a superb singer-actor called Hermann Uhde who depicts the villains of the three episodes with all the mastery of a UFA film in the days of Werner Krauss.

There are vast dissolving sets, great cavernous affairs which the Garden alone can accommodate, transparent pianos, wrought-iron spiral staircases and one very lovely female voice, Miss Monica Sinclair's. Money's-worth indeed. Yet not one penny piece can have been spent on the translation in sixty years. It lays its ponderous and stilted hoof on the work of the best actors, destroys the lesser souls and makes the student choruses sound as if they came from an overblown satirical review.

This missing ha'porth of tar is by no means the exclusive economy of operatic producers. I recall an early talkie, made at fabulous cost, for which a cricket match with thousands of spectators and the strangest of sports equipment was assembled in Hollywood. Yet



Geraint Evans as Spalangani, Mattiilda Dobbs as Olympia, and Raymond Nilsson as Cochinelle in *The Tales of Hoffman*

no-one thought to give the hero some elementary professional instruction in the art of bowling.

On another occasion one of the most illustrious figures in the circus world explained to me the astronomical sums he was spending that winter on acts from the four corners of the earth. He was also, he said, using enormous posters to advertise the event on a national scale. When I asked how much he proposed paying the poster artist he replied, "Oh, we shall have the very best. I'll give at least ten guineas."

AND now the greatest of the clowns has left the ring. It is thirty years since Grock appeared in England, for he felt bitterly about us. The loss was ours. He did not like our Income Tax laws and his experience of our common law was unhappy too. He sued one of his rivals for imitating his inimitable act, but the rival pleaded ingeniously and successfully that it was based upon traditional clowning. The decision was presumably correct in law if astonishing to laymen. At all events the maestro never returned.

I last saw him in Paris in one of the spectacular reviews. In this he spoke as well as mimed and this, too, was traditional. "How does your little dog smell now his nose is cut off?" "Terrible."

—Youngman Carter

THE QUEEN'S TRAINER ENTERTAINED HUNT

At the West Kent's Opening Meet

THE sun had early driven the mists away on the morning of the West Kent's opening meet at Fairlawne, near Tonbridge. Here the host, Mr. P. V. F. Cazalet, who trains many of the Queen's horses, was waiting with a greeting and stirrup cup, before joining the hunt in what is always, in some respects, the most exhilarating day of the season. On the right are hounds arriving led by huntsman J. Saville



Left: The Master, Mr. A. Gaselee, was here with Mr. Cazalet, waiting for the rest of the field to come to the meet



Right: Mrs. Cazalet was taking her son Victor along to meet the pack, whose kennels are at Shipbourne, Tonbridge



A GOOD DAY WITH THE COTTESMORE

HUNTING started auspiciously in the grass country, where eagerness had been whetted by vexatious delays in the cubbing programme. The Cottessmore had their first day out from Neesthorpe Cross Roads, near Melton Mowbray, and an excellent field turned up for an excellent day's sport



The Joint-Master, Lt.-Col. C. Heber-Percy, leading the pack to the meet. The history of the Cottessmore goes back to the 17th century, when a pack was hunted by Viscount Lowther



Mr. N. Pegge and the Hon. Mrs. Edward Greenall, who is the wife of Lord Daresbury's son and heir



Margaret Turner and Sally Griffin were being introduced to a member of the pack by Mr. A. W. Watt



Mrs. J. Hawkesworth and Mr. D. B. Owen were two others greatly looking forward to a promising run



Paul Tanqueray

MOYRA FRASER, lovely star of *Airs on a Shoestring*, will shortly be seen in the new Korda film, *The Man Who Loved Redheads*. This is directed by Harold French and is based on Terence Rattigan's effervescent play, *Who is Sylvia?* Until her success in the theatre, she was a dancer at Sadler's Wells



A mermaidly diversion astonishes Nicholas Phipps, Peter Martyn and Margaret Rutherford in *Mad About Men*

At the Pictures

A Surfeit

FILMGOERS were delighted at the amusing idea of turning Glynis Johns into a mermaid for the film *Miranda*. So now, thanks to the film industry's almost religious perseverance in repeating trumps, we have Miss Johns a second time a mermaid in *Mad About Men*.

There is a limit to the number of jokes and situations which can be built around the idea of a mermaid on dry land. Between them *Miranda* and *Mad About Men* have now exhausted these situations.

Miss Johns is in a dual role. She is a prim and proper schoolmistress and also a mischievous and amorous mermaid who comes ashore to occupy the Cornish cottage vacated temporarily by her double, the schoolmistress. In the first character she fits nicely. In the second, although no-one could challenge her position as Britain's foremost mermaid impersonator, Miss Johns is not the type I should unhesitatingly choose in view of the other requirement of this part which is that she should appear sexy and seductive. This mermaid is "mad about men" and sings songs to prove it. Miss Johns just does not look that sort of girl to me.

However, she swishes her tail with skill and tackles the part like the sensible, practical girl she is—although her large eyes do sometimes seem to ask what *will* they do to me next?

At sea she has a mermaid friend, this time, Dora Bryan, a kind of submarine clown who plays the conch and the fool generally. Ashore she inherits the schoolmistress' fiancé, Peter Martyn, but she soon discards this prudish escort for two more enterprising males in Donald Sinden and Nicholas Phipps. Sinden is rather wasted in a part which offers him little scope. Phipps does his stuff as the military gentleman susceptible to the ladies.

Anne Crawford does very well in the unattractive role of the mermaid's rival. What plot there is depends on her, for it is she who divines Miss Johns' fishy secret and plans to expose it. And there is a heavily comic performance from Margaret Rutherford as the mermaid's nurse, who wheels Miss Johns around with her tail concealed in a bath chair, supposedly recovering from an accident.

A plodding determination to be funny haunts this film. Sometimes it almost

Television

SOFT AIRS, SWEET VOICES



PATRICIA FOYE, Christian Simpson and George Foa are three persevering producers in the struggle to adapt TV's unwieldy machinery to the gentler arts of music and poetry.

To-night Foa presents Sir Steuart Wilson, himself once a notable singer of the lighter English lyric, now deputy-general administrator of Covent Garden. In the latter capacity Sir Steuart is presenting some of his leading young stars, including the Glyndebourne soprano, Hella Toros, in scenes from the operas that Foa tries so valiantly to popularise.

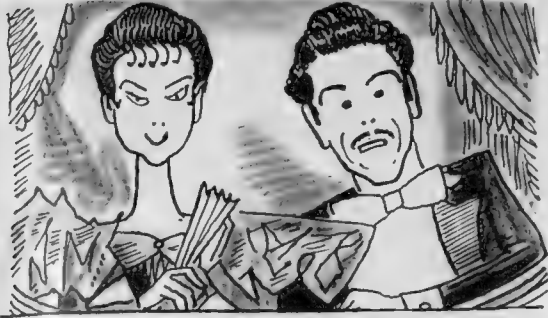
Christian Simpson's enterprising attempts to find poetry in TV were recognised by the TV Guild's deserved award for his production of the Menotti Christmas opera, *Amahl and the Night Visitors*. Sunday's Apollo Society recital gives Simpson the chance of a less sedentary presentation of

poetry than that of the previous charming programmes graced by Margaret Leighton and Diana Wynyard. Sunday's readers will be Claire Bloom, reading Keats, and that fine Shakespearean actor, Michael Hordern, in Wordsworth and, I hope, Dunbar.

Patricia Foye has made a first-class hit of her series of celebrity concerts, by letting us enjoy the virtuoso playing with as little distraction as possible. The series comes to its climax on Monday, with Yehudi Menuhin himself. His nobility of feature, as well as his wonderful playing, has already made him a star TV performer.

LIGHTER attractions include Tuesday's University of London debate to the motion that "this House insists that the line must be drawn somewhere." Guest-speakers are Mr. Stephen Potter, promising a lively exercise in spokespersonship, and Mr. Ken Tynan, who has already proved himself in his element in university debate on the air.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart



Marta Toren is cast as the friend of a composer (Gabriele Ferzetti) in the Italian Film Festival's *Neapolitan Fantasy*

—Dennis W. Clarke

of Fishtails

succeeds in being witty, visually and verbally. At others it nearly makes the grade as farce. But what producer Betty Box, director Ralph Thomas, and mermaid Glynis Johns somehow sadly fail to breathe into it is the requisite spirit of fantasy.

CHOICE of *Neapolitan Fantasy* (Marble Arch Pavilion) for showing to the Queen during the Italian Film Festival surprises me. Whatever its merits or demerits other directions it is in no way representative of the qualities which have distinguished Italian films since the war. I should have thought that something from the "neo-realism" school, with that selective but accurate observation of everyday life which has thrilled the world, would have been more appropriate. This looks like a prestige musical subsidised by the Naples tourist office.

I am surprised, too, at the solemn appraisal of it made by some critics who discover in it some original art form concealed from me.

It is intended as a portrait of Naples from the time of the Moorish invasions to the present day. History, legend, tradition and, of course, song are mixed up in a gorgeous, non-stop jumble of ballet, music, opera, farce, mime, dance and song often more bewildering than stimulating.

There are famous songs from the voices of Beniamino Gigli and Carlo Tagliabue. This is the most Neapolitan feature, for the vocalism throughout is *fortissimo*. There are two *corps de ballet*, neither remotely connected with Naples: the Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas and the Ballet Africain de Keita Fodeba. The dancing, almost continuous like the song, includes that old Neapolitan favourite Le French Can-Can. Why leave out Morris-dancing?

THE cast of Italian stars is as long as Lux Film's pay-roll. Nadia Gray is decorative as "Naples Incarnate," the standard of feminine looks is consistently high and you get plenty of them to look at. Paolo Stoppa, as an organ-grinder, trudges with his homeless family through century to century as a loose connecting link and a symbol of Naples' improvident devotion to the arts.

Some items are outstanding. In particular, Leonide Massine as Punchinello and the whole miming episode. In fact all the arts are put to work in this production except the art of coherent film-making.



Ian Jeerjis

GLYNIS JOHNS relaxing between location scenes off the Cornish coast while filming Betty Box's new comedy, *Mad About Men*. She plays the dual role of a prim sports mistress and an amorous mermaid—a sweeping range even for such a versatile actress

Gramophone Notes

FINE OLD CRUSTED JAM



THE Vocalion label comes back again with several recordings of particular interest to the Jazz enthusiast. Under the general title "Origins of Jazz"

there is a good deal to be said for this kind of gramophonic anthology. Furthermore, whoever is responsible for this series has set about the job intelligently if only by virtue of the fact that there is no attempt to gild the lily, because, as might be anticipated, the general standard of recording is not good. I hasten to add that the introduction of gimmicks and such trivialities would have been a genuine gaffe!

The Six Jolly Jesters present "Goin' Nuts," and "Oklahoma Stomp," both recorded twenty-five years ago. Here you have "scat," "waa-waa," "washboard," and some very snappy "house-rent" piano playing. Basically, this is a "jam session" *de luxe*; it is that because it is in no way contrived.

The second of these recordings takes us seven years on, and presents Jesse James, a blues singer with general style very similar to a youthful Louis Armstrong. James offers "Lonesome Day Blues," and "Southern Casey Jones" to the accompaniment of the "corniest" piano and guitar one could wish to hear. This is in effect a "race" recording, but it has a genuine distinctiveness.

LAST record is 1953 vintage and is made by Voices of Victory singing "I'm So Glad Jesus Lifted Me" and "I'm Trusting In Jesus." This is the most polished of the three recordings, and because of that could easily be considered too restrained. The intoning of the deacon, the magnificent vocal outbursts from a high soprano, the absolute sense of rhythm of the choir, are all first rate and quite genuinely moving; but there is something missing, especially in the second piece, which is far too repetitive. It could easily be that here there is no abandon! (Vocalion V. 1037, 1040, 1041.)

—Robert Tredinnick

NINETEEN CANDLES ON MISS SNYDER'S CAKE

A PARTY in honour of Miss Beverly Snyder's nineteenth birthday was given by her parents at Phillimore Place, Kensington, for nearly fifty guests, many of whom were debutantes of the last two years. After adjourning for supper, when the birthday cake was cut, dancing continued until the early hours



Miss Alison Glover and Mr. Brian Harris were enjoying a pleasant, leisurely foxtrot

Left: Miss Gillian Ingram and Mr. George Earle waiting for Miss Snyder (centre) to cut her birthday cake



Right: Miss Jane Houston-Boswall and Miss Vanya Walker-Leigh were clearly delighted with this very good party

~~~~~ DINING IN ~~~~~

The Professional Touch At Home



THE homely art of serving a meal up to the standard of one's favourite restaurant calls for enthusiasm, without which one cannot master anything; caution, for, without it, a hostess-cook might well become involved in complicated dishes and absent herself from table for too long; and organisation, so that the meal will be on time.

Here is an autumn menu you and I can enjoy.

Onion Soup: Very slowly cook 2 to 3 very thinly-sliced Spanish-type onions in a good ounce or so of butter, stirring now and then, until melted to a golden mass. Raise the heat while they darken a little. Add enough hot water or chicken or beef stock for four servings,

and a little extra to allow for evaporation, and freshly-milled pepper and salt to taste. Cover and simmer gently for half an hour.

Reheat when wanted. For each serving, place a thin, round slice of dinner roll (first dried in the oven) in the tureen, or individual marmites. Add the soup and sprinkle with grated Parmesan and Gruyère (mixed) or dry Cheddar cheese to taste. Or it may be wise to pass the cheese separately, not everybody liking it in soup.

"Diagonals" of Sole: This is the quickest and most simple way of cooking sole.

Cut the fillets from a medium large sole into longish diagonal strips. Shake them in seasoned flour in a paper bag. Drop them into very deep olive-oil, when they will very quickly turn to gold. Drain them on absorbent paper and serve with Sauce Tartare or quartered lemon.

Braised Partridges and Cabbage: Fry two partridges all over in a little butter, together with 2 to 3 ozs. streaky bacon and four small pork sausages. Transfer to a deep casserole. Stir $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water in the frying-pan to get off the residue. Add to the casserole, together with a *bouquet garni* and two sliced carrots. Cover tightly and cook slowly for 1 hour, adding a little salt and freshly-milled pepper half-way through.

MEANWHILE, cut a small, firm cabbage into eighths, remove core and cook for 15 minutes in boiling salted water. When the partridges are cooked, add the cabbage. Cover and cook for a further $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 hour. Remove *bouquet*, place the cabbage on a hot platter with the halved partridges on top. Garnish with the bacon and sausages.

Fresh Fruit Salad: Even now we have enough fresh fruit for salad; there is no better finish to a pleasant meal. For fruits which can go "rusty," pears, bananas, and so on, squeeze the juice of a lemon into the mixing bowl and turn them, cut in suitable pieces, in it. Lace with a little sherry, brandy, passion fruit juice or a few drops of Angostura. But do bar apples. They add bulk, no flavour, to the dish.

—Helen Burke

DINING OUT

Ambassadors Met The Gourmets



Harcourt

No fewer than 480 people, including the Ambassadors of France, Spain, Italy and Portugal, were present at the coming-of-age dinner of the Wine and Food Society at the Dorchester a few days ago. This gives some measure of the tribute paid, and so well-deserved, to André Simon, its founder.

The speech of the evening was made by Brig.-Gen. Lorne Campbell, V.C., D.S.O., with Sir Alan Herbert as runner-up. Sir Alan livened up the proceedings by performing the considerable feat of singing a song, unaccompanied, propounding the theory that bacon and eggs are the backbone of our island race.

It is a difficult thing to serve a really good

meal to 480 people, but the Dorchester did very well and kept the circulation going by alternating the courses between hot and cold. The timely thought behind the choice of wines was that, as nearly as possible, they should all be twenty-one years old, and with only one or two exceptions this was achieved.

For my own choice there was the Chambertin 1933, bottled by Calvet, Beaune, and the Madeira, Boal Solera 1826, shipped by Blandy. From the menu, *Le Filet de Sole Dugléré Froid* and *La Marquise aux Abricots*.

The Wine and Food Society now has branches in every country of the English-speaking world, and it was gratifying to learn that Mr. Sigismund Muller, president of the Associated Wine Merchants of Denmark, who was present at the

dinner, has decided to open a branch in Copenhagen.

Talking of paying tribute where tribute is due, THE IVY, in West Street, W.C.2, deserves praise for having returned so fully to its pre-war splendour. The atmosphere is delightful and they have not, because they are fashionable, been so foolish as to pack people in like sardines. There is plenty of room to relax. The menu is extensive and opens with the rather pleasant thought: "This menu is intended as a guide; the Chef will cook to your command." Not only will he do this, but he signs every menu.

The cuisine is French with, of course, English grills, roasts and sea foods. Chef Agosti is Italian, so have no fear if you order an Italian dish.

THE first floor is as good as the ground floor; in fact, many of the famous names on stage and screen who use The Ivy prefer it.

Alice Delysia was responsible for the name of this restaurant. Mr. Abel, just before he opened it, asked her for a name. "Call it 'The Ivy'," she replied, "it is certain it will grow." It was taken over by Mr. Bernard Walsh, chairman of Wheelers, in September 1953, and under the personal management of one of the directors, Mr. Smith-Granger, it is positively blooming.

—I. Bickerstaff



Miss Sally O'Dwyer (left) and Miss Susan Clark were laughing at a story of Mr. Timothy Renton's



Miss Heather Turner-Laing and Mr. Dennis Paravicini were dancing a quickstep



Left: Mr. Timothy Roberts and Miss Fiona Duthy paused for a moment before leaving the ball-room for supper



Right: Miss Moya Harrison and Mr. Graham Laing agreed there was much to be said for a cigarette and a quiet moment

Desmond O'Neill

A GRACIOUS OCCASION IN THE NORTH RIDING

FRRIENDS and followers of the Derwent Hunt gathered at Wykeham Abbey, near Scarborough, for a delightful evening, to which both the warm hospitality and the sumptuousness of their Georgian surroundings contributed. Many leading Yorkshire figures were present and the whole occasion spoke of the honour in which the chase is still held in the North



Mr. Keith Schellenberg and Miss Jan Hagenbach were returning to the dance floor after they had taken their supper



Mr. and Mrs. John Hill, Mrs. Tom Laughton and Mr. Tom Laughton, brother of Charles Laughton, the actor

Mr. C. Chafer, Master of the Derwent Downe, Viscount Downe and the Earl of Scarborough, Joint-Masters of the Sinnington, sitting



Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Beaumont interlude in one of the smaller rooms. The interlude is considered one of the most beautiful



Standing below a fine portrait were Brig. and Mrs. Heathcoate-Amory, Lady Richmond-Brown and Sir Charles Richmond-Brown



Col. Dudley Smith, Mrs. Dudley Smith, the Hon. Mrs. Peter Barker and Col. Peter Barker chatting at the foot of the main staircase

Mrs. C. Chafer, Viscountess and Countess of Feversham, and Countess of Feversham, a dance in the drawing-room



were enjoying a quiet moment in the drawing-room of the Abbey, which is one of the great houses in Yorkshire



C. Lindley

Mrs. C. Macandrews, Mr. M. H. Chafer, Mrs. Shinner, Mrs. John Russell, Mrs. Bryant and Mr. Shinner were among the guests

Standing By ...

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



GOOD looks, tact, and bright, engaging charm are the qualifications (as the Fleet Street boys surely needn't have troubled to announce) of the three camp-hostesses just appointed to encourage lonely G.I.s to take part in local British life. Which might be an easier task for those sweethearts, it occurs to one, if a few hostesses were appointed to introduce the locals to each other beforehand.

Pioneer-work in this interesting field will be essayed, we gather, by the beautiful litter-hostesses who will shortly trip to and fro in the West End with dainty bins, dispensing flashing smiles and urging the citizens gracefully to keep the streets tidy. "Gentlemen disposing of rubbish can hardly fail to speak to each other," said the official spokesman at a recent Press conference, "when they are queuing daily to squeeze the same fair hand while responding with gallant alacrity to a moving plea from ruby lips."

Two major objections at the conference were swiftly disposed of:

Can the Press be expected to approve the obviously Continental aspects of this?—A broadminded attitude would, we hope, prevail. The *Times* spoke very favourably of the new LCC garbage-hostesses, who spend half their time in dustmen's arms according to envious complaints.

Would not rivalry lead to enmity rather than fraternisation among litter-hostesses' admirers?—We depend on the team-spirit, first and last.

Comment in Clubland—well, let's change the subject till the mems have gone upstairs, shall we?

Ouch

At Bognor Regis, Sussex, where something interesting is always happening, the sea-shore has just been invaded (*vide* Press) by a strong force of stinging sea-anemones with tentacles a foot long—a novelty which the jaded and fashionable clientèle of Baïæ, the Bognor Regis of Imperial Rome, would have welcomed with shouts of delight, a cultured chap was telling us.

So next summer, possibly, if these dumb chums return, will the jaded and fashionable clientèle of the South Coast, who always look to us drained of sensation and exhausted with pleasure as they drift to and fro or lie half-conscious about the beach; just like the original Baïæ crowd (this cultured chap assures us), though Baïæ had no pier and no automatic machines, and you couldn't even get a nice cup of tea for love or money. As a matter of fact the Bognor Pan may be seen in many other resorts, particularly at Brighton, Monte Carlo, and Atlantic City. Its expression recalls that of the Botticelli marine *Venus*, full of discouragement and satiety. "The sea has failed us," it says blankly. "Why is this?"

At Antibes some time ago we saw a bored and beautiful face like iced marble wake suddenly to animation as its owner stepped on a jellyfish. Coo, the language! The grace and vigour of the dance! The pleasure of the clientèle! If we were Bognor's publicity-boys we'd go into conference on featuring sea-anemones right away.

Zip

REMARKING casually that British comedy-films are not, for the most part, considered entertaining by the American trade, a film-critic didn't bother to explain why. The issue involved is linked directly with the Declaration of Independence (1776), we gather from a chap in Embassy circles.

Looking this up, we find that No. 25 of its twenty-seven major and personal indictments of George III charges His Britannic Majesty with transporting to America "large armies of foreign Mercenaries to compleat . . . works of Cruelty and Perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages." This refers of course to H.M.'s Hessian troops, also employed against the Irish and a byword for worse than Red Indian savagery. Though the Declaration does not actually charge these notorious boys with debagging the American citizenry, nothing more likely occurs to us as a typical Hessian relaxation from murder and rapine. Doubtless a Cabot or a Lowell could walk down Beacon Hill, Boston, Mass., without having his august

pants torn off for fun, but the bourgeoisie probably went through hell everywhere.

Footnote

WHERE our native film-racket has gone terribly wrong, we venture to suggest, is obvious. Debagging chaps is not a comedy-situation at all, as the Elizabethans well knew. See Cyril Tourneur's sombre masterpiece *The Bloodie Cheeke, or Neues from Helle*, in which debagging a Doge's nephew leads to five assassinations, three suicides, civil war, revolution, and a final mass-butcher of which the Chorus is the sole survivor. (*Enter Rinaldo, eating Fidelia's heart.*)

Comeback

OF the 869,554,329 questions asked at the Motor Show the one which took the smartest of sales-boys most painfully aback (our spies now report) was asked by a little citizen who looked like Socrates, if you can imagine Socrates in a bowler hat. Context as follows:

"What did you say the average cruising-speed of this model was?"

"About 75, sir."

"Why should anyone want to travel at 75?"

"Well, I suppose it saves time, doesn't it?"

"Time for what?"

Instead of blushing deep red and hastily changing the subject, the sales-boy should have come back smartly with: "Time, sir, for living the Life Beautiful and doing public good." But as in Athens, there was no comeback, and Socrates got away with it. Which leads directly to the fact that it says very little for Greek intelligence that nobody ever thought of stopping this nuisance very easily in mid-flow. E.g.:

"Would you say, therefore, Echecrates, that it is better to have less of a good thing than to have—"

(A saucy blonde trips across the Agora right under Socrates' nose. Pause.)

"... Well, as I was saying—"

(Nobody there.)

Just a matter of a few lepta spent on hiring the right type of cutie, and did anyone think of it?

BRIGGS



—by Graham



THE GREATEST BOHEMIAN

Masters of the Palette photographed by Baron

AUGUSTUS JOHN, O.M., R.A., is the only painter to dominate four generations of his fellow artists. At seventy-six he is still the greatest living Bohemian, a fabulous personality about whom legend already gathers. His work—always collected by experts and laymen alike—has never decreased in stature or value. In his studio at Fordingbridge, Hants, he has now turned his skill to sculpture, in which medium he has executed a number of portraits each as masterly as any of his oil studies of such eminent contemporaries as Shaw or Yeats

Hunters Competed On The Downs

FIRLE PLACE, near Lewes, the home of Viscount Gage, was the *endroit* of the Hunter Trials and Novice One-Day Event which was organised by the Southdown Foxhounds and the Southern Dressage Group.



A Southdown team, Miss Olga How, Mr. A. Geering and Mr. Roy Trigg, taking the water jump and ditch.



Left: Mr. Nicholas Hardinge, son of Lady Lilian Hardinge, and Miss Cloe Glencairn-Campbell watching the judging of Working Hunters

Right: Lady Gage (centre) had just been congratulated by Mr. Gerald Askew, the Master, and Mrs. Askew, on winning the Trials for the Novice Class on Jester



Gabor Denes

At the Dairy Show

THE WHITE TURKEY

A cow is a cow is a cow, Gertie Stein once said to me when I asked her what she thought of the Dairy Show. Which only goes to show that she had never been there. In fact, I thought I had taken the wrong turning and arrived at the Motor Show at neighbouring Earls Court when I entered the concrete suburb of Olympia a few days back.

Almost as much metal and machinery seems to have attached itself to that source of supply as ever sprung from the potent muscles of a horse (R.A.C. rating)—even if there hasn't been quite so much brass. Cattle themselves were conspicuously absent, although there was a faint, supercilious whiff of them in the air.

I was threading my way through the tenements and semi-detacheds of these Olympian troglodytes looking for the bovine world when I encountered a Fleet Street acquaintance.



"Have you seen a cow about the place lately?" I asked him.

"Good heavens!" he said. "Are there supposed to be cows here?"

"I don't really know. I just thought I might find one or two at a Dairy Show."

"Oh, I see what you mean. Actually, I'm P.R.O. of the Turkey Breeders' Association. It has never struck me that there might be other livestock here."

WHEREUPON we went to look at a prize turkey which had only missed being supreme champion or something because it had a black spot no larger than a pin-head in the middle of its back. This puzzled me slightly, until I discovered it was a white turkey. The lesson to be learnt from this story is that if you get a black mark it will eventually catch up with you.

By a lucky chance my friend also turned

out to be the publicity man for various brands of Chartreuse, Madeira, punch and sherry. So we adjourned promptly to a convenient place where we could talk turkey about his other activities.

It was from this vantage-point that I was able to study the crowds drifting past.

There is a saying that people grow to look like the dogs they own and, stimulated possibly by the P.R.O. for Madeira, I saw ample evidence that this is a development not confined to the canine world. There were comfortable Rhode Island Reds cackling away with trim Leghorns, and low-slung Aylesburys were doing their best to keep up with agile Indian Runners.

It was not until late afternoon that I made contact with a cow. I was walking along with my chin over my right shoulder pondering in some bewilderment a large sign which read "WARBLES AND HORNS ARE USELESS LUXURIES," when I struck something with about the same amount of give as a leather sofa. I looked down hurriedly as the sofa moved energetically and saw a brown and white shape shying away from me.

It was a cow. I was at the Dairy Show.

—ROBERT CRISP

At The Races

A SOLDIER'S STORY

A SOLDIER'S book by a fighting soldier! That is the short description of General Sir Hubert Gough's most engrossing memoirs, *Soldiering On* (Arthur Barker; 18s.). This is a lot more than the life of a brave man, it is an important bit of military and national history, and contains a detailed account of one of the fiercest fights in the Kaiser's war, the great Battle of St. Quentin, which opened on the Fifth Army front on March 21st, 1918.

There is only one line in Sir Hubert Gough's note on this occurrence which needs quoting, and it is this: "I have never forgotten Foch or ever forgiven him." Those who were alive at that time, and still are, will know why these words were written, and how ill-timed General Foch's remarks were.

Naturally, having lived through most of the times of which Hubert Gough writes, one comes across many names of people one knew. There

is "Kitty" Apthorp, for instance, for whom Hubert Gough rode the winners of two Army cups in India. There is also Nixon of the author's regiment, who was a great man to go, and who bought a black 'chaser which he subsequently sold to George Paget, who was in the Rifle Brigade, and who won many races with him. I know that Gough rode this horse to victory more than once. In a steeplechase in Calcutta he came down with George Paget and broke his collarbone for him, and I fancy it must have shaken him up, for when I had the ride on him next time out, he was a very dead horse, but, none the less, a very good one. George Paget was subsequently killed in South Africa in a silly little action, which did nobody any good.

ON the lighter side of these most absorbing memoirs, the author crosses swords with Sir Winston Churchill over the matter of the relative merits of the Eton and Harrow

birches. Sir Winston has drawn a lurid and gory picture of what bloodshed the Harrow ones caused; General Gough, on the other hand, assures us that the Eton ones hardly flicked a feather off, and he ought to know, because he had to officiate as a "holder down" (and a holder up) of victims' shirt tails! This matter of "swiping" has now become of purely academic interest, because no Beak, however fierce, dares to say a cross word to even the most flagrant offender. It would be illuminating if we could have a few terse words from the shade of Mr. Jimmy Joynes, Lower Master in the Hornby epoch at Eton. I feel very sure that his remarks would be rather cutting.

HUBERT GOUGH also refers to Sir Winston's habit of telling Generals, and people like that, what they ought to do, and he started this quite early on, in fact when he was a war correspondent on the Tirah show in 1897-98, in which the British Army was engaged in putting some people called the Afridis in their place. It was on this campaign that another 16th Lancer got his V.C., the then Lord Fincastle, now Lord Dunmore, who is also a friend of many years standing. It happened in a little side-show against some quarrelsome people called the Mohmands and the decoration has rarely been better earned.

—SABRETACHE

Quorn And Belvoir

Joint Trials

A LARGE gathering of competitors and spectators attended a joint hunter trials held by the Quorn and the Belvoir, near Melton Mowbray. The going was good and the weather unusually benevolent



Col. J. Smith-Maxwell, Lady Earle and Sir George Earle having a moment's relaxation between events



Left: Mrs. G. Murray-Smith and Mrs. J. R. Hanbury—the wives of the Masters of the Quorn and Belvoir respectively—welcome a cup of coffee



Right: Lt.-Col. Jack Talbot-Ponsonby (one of the judges) and Mrs. Peter Borwick, wife of the Joint-Master of the Pytchley, watch the trials with deep concentration

Motoring

A Minor Collision —But Major Cost

FEW who drive motor-cars in large towns avoid the occasional minor collision. I walked round a car park and counted thirty-one cars before I arrived at one which showed no signs whatever of having had a dent, scratch, bash, slosh, bang, scrape, clonk, crunch, crush or other morphological mangling. It is a fact of motoring to-day that, to avoid accidents, it is necessary not only to drive your own car; but to drive the other fool's car as well.

Anticipatory defensive driving is a necessity. At speed it is necessary to prepare the way for the idiot who overtakes at the wrong time; in a traffic jam it is necessary to allow wide margins to avoid dents.

A good deal of special equipment is now available for the repair of minor damage of this kind. The work can usually be done quickly; but it is normally exceedingly expensive. A charge of £25 is not unusual for straightening a buckled wing. The finish will be as good as new; but the cost is high. There were demonstrations on some of the gallery stands at Earls Court, which showed what an elaborate business these minor repairs can be if it is desired to obliterate all trace of the damage. It would be a boon, however, if some means could be found of doing the work more cheaply. Here, it is claimed, plastics are going to help.

MOTOR racing is often good cinema; particularly so when the course has scenic interest. The Shell-Mex and B.P. film called *Nurburgring* was shown the other day to a small party at Shell-Mex House. Mr. C. M. Vignoles, the managing director of the company, introduced the film, which proved to be a dashing, dazzling sequence of shots of incidents in some of the "Ring's" historic Grands Prix.

Camera work and cutting seemed to me masterly, and I have rarely seen the excitement and pressure of a great race so well

portrayed. The cars were caught at every angle: from road-level; from above; from the side, and even from directly in front—though how some of those shots were obtained I cannot imagine. And the flurry of a pit stop, with mechanics hurling themselves at the wheels and filler points, is wonderfully evoked.

But credit must go not only to the cameras; it must go, as I have hinted, to the course. One could not obtain so stirring a document at any of the English aerodrome circuits. The lack of natural interest; the absence of trees and of "natural" corners and slopes militate against the pictorial side.

DR. H. NORDHOFF, head of the fabulous Volkswagen concern, was over in London during the Show and expressed himself forcibly on the subject of after-sales service. If I understand the policy of V. W. Motors Limited, the British company, it is to freeze the design of the car with its existing rear-mounted, air-cooled, flat four engine and to attract purchasers by the completeness and efficiency of the service that will go with every car sold.

Major J. J. Graydon is the director and general manager of V. W. Motors and he mentioned that sales had risen from 560 cars in the year in the United Kingdom to over 2,600. Even so, the demand for these cars continues to exceed the supply. Personally, I am not completely convinced that service alone will sell a car. It is a great asset to know that if anything goes wrong it can be put right quickly and cheaply. The risks of heavy expenses in this direction are virtually eliminated. But it might be argued that it is better to sell a car that needs no service!

Such a car has never been produced yet, and the indications are that it never will. But some cars can get along with remarkably little service, and it is arguable that it is preferable to develop this inherent aspect of

the design and construction rather than the subsequent service side. Dr. Nordhoff, however, is in no doubt about the correct course and he claims that V. W. Motors will be offering better service than can be obtained from any other makers, including British and American.

I WANT now to refer back to one aspect of the Show which is of especial interest to me. Diesel-engined motor-cars were almost entirely absent. Borgward, although they showed a Diesel engine, did not show a complete Diesel car. They concentrated—mistakenly in my opinion—upon their two main types of petrol-engined cars. The unfortunate thing here is that whereas their Diesel is of remarkable originality and interest, their new petrol car is just another motor-car. Neither did Mercedes show their Diesel car at Earls Court.

In brief, then, the kind of vehicle in whose future I personally believe was scarcely represented this year. But the signs of development were there. I spent some time on the Turner stand in the gallery inspecting the 2-cylinder and 3-cylinder two-stroke Diesel units which are now being made at Wolverhampton. I was also given information about how one of these engines had performed during 40,000 miles test running in a Vauxhall chassis.

WHAT I saw and heard on the Turner stand revived my hopes that the Diesel is still going to achieve general popularity. But I think that the two-stroke engine with assisted induction—not super-charge—is the best kind, because it carries to the logical conclusion the important quality of the Diesel that it can be made with fewer working parts and, therefore, less to go wrong. I still think we shall see this kind of power unit coming into general use in private motor-cars.

—**Oliver Stewart**



REGENCY GRACE ON WHEELS

AN outstanding exhibit at the Motor Show was the new Daimler Regency Mk. II Saloon. This beautiful car is fitted with either the 3½ or 4½ litre engine.



ROUTE TO BAVARIA

FERRY your car (£4-£8 single fare, according to wheelbase) from Dover, arriving at Ostend at approximately 16.00 hours. Thence to the spa and frontier town of Aachen and a further hour's motoring should see you in Cologne and sitting down to an excellent dinner at the Hotel Excelsior, which is opposite the Cathedral

THE AUTOBAHN *via* Limburg is a fast road, with well-interspersed filling stations. The price of petrol varies from 4s. 7d. to 5s. 1d., according to the grade. The route then taken is Wiesbaden, Heidelberg, Karlsruhe, Ulm. Then a halt for lunch at Augsburg. Gentle progress, thereafter, to Schongau, and from there onwards chains may then be needed

DESTINATION, as this picture shows, is the Bavarian Alps and eventually Garmisch-Partenkirchen, 2400 ft., Germany's finest skiing centre. Their International Winter Sports Week is being held from January 15th to the 23rd. It will also be the venue for the 1960 Winter Olympics



IN THE SUN
OF TUSCANY

MISS JOAN HASLIP, author of many books, including studies of Lucretia Borgia and Lady Hester Stanhope, divides her time between Italy and England, and was here staying at the Villa Bagazzano, an old Medici shooting-lodge belonging to the Duchess of Caffarelli. She was putting the finishing touches to a biography of Sultan Abdul Hamid entitled *The End of the Seraglio*



F. J. Goodman

Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bower

THE GLORIOUS UNREGIMENTED WOMEN

THE QUEEN'S COUNTRYWOMEN (Hutchinson; 15s.) is a contemporary portrait gallery: artist, Godfrey Winn. Subjects, women: not "posed," but in action—at home, at work, in half-a-dozen different kinds of society, or grappling (one might say, manfully) with the problems involved by being alive to-day. This "new Elizabethan" age is no less gallant for its strenuous realism; an outlook from which women are not debarred. The "sheltered" women, who bloomed (somewhat pallidly, in the shade) under Queen Victoria, is gone for good now Victoria's great-great-granddaughter reigns.

Mr. Winn, with his seeing eye, looks through to the fundamental spring of energy in the present-day human beings who are, at the same time, women.

ENERGY, with which goes staying-power. For he depicts not only those who are in the public eye—the Countess of Mountbatten, Gracie Fields, the wife of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or those glimpsed in power behind the scenes—a prison governor, the head of the B.B.C.'s "Woman's Hour" programme, a hostess at a Butlin Holiday Camp—but also those who sustain in silence the weight of life, or the aftermath of family tragedy. How fares the home over which the scorching limelight of publicity has passed? Mr. Winn visited the Songhursts, whose only too fearless young

daughter Barbara had been one of the victims of the Teddington towpath murders. And another home, stricken in a way to which death would have been a merciful termination: the helpless mother of a girl drug-addict. Then again, the Welsh miner's wife, husband and four sons working underground, has developed her own special kind of philosophy—past, at least, is the nightmare of unemployment.

Lifelong pleasure in the practice of skilled craft emanated from the veterans at the Spode china works at Stoke-on-Trent—"Cordie's" portrait embellishes the jacket of this book. The accounts of the processes are fascinating—and, too, in Mr. Winn's company we call upon the skill-proud Belfast linen-weavers.

For the housewives of the modern building estate, there is something (psychologically at least) of the stimulus of pioneer existence—here, in this plan-for-living so recently imprinted on old earth, is being brought into being a new society: church, community centre, school. (I thought Mr. Winn's final chapter, "The New Estate," particularly revealing and admirable.)

It would be true to say that *The Queen's Countrywomen* opens door after door. Who lives there, why and how do they live there, what occupies them, how do they feel?—such questions, pressing though perhaps fugitive, cannot but pass through your or my mind as we walk or drive down some residential street, industrial zone or thinly-peopled tract of country which, although it is British, seems somehow

foreign because of its (so far) mystery to us. Mr. Winn has, almost magically, supplied the answers. He has a gift for approaching people on their most natural sides—evoking, that is to say, spontaneous talk. He can melt away the famous "British reserve." At the same time, he does not cease to respect the reserve that people properly *should* have—one does not feel that anybody who talked to him ever said anything they regretted later!

MR. WINN's book is not all sunshine. I think indeed that its author is at his best when he advances into shadows. The juvenile feminine delinquent, the fantasy-ridden roving teen-ager with her drift to trouble, the "lost" young drug-addict, the woman of any age whose lack of adjustment to reality makes her "express herself" in recurrent crimes—what shall we do about them, or, still more, for them?

The chapter entitled "The Borstal Girl" lays a number of temperamental problems bare. There, we may feel, but for the grace of God go quite a number of our own daughters, whose "difficult years" we entrust to excellent boarding-schools. And there is much (and the best) of "the good school," now, in a number of so-called institutions. Visit, along with Mr. Winn, either Aylesbury or the "open" Borstal, East Sutton Park. And, best of all, reflect on "The Prison Governor"—which, apart from being a vital portrait, pictures a splendid experiment, Askham Grange, Yorkshire, the "prison without bars."

ELIZABETH TAYLOR's fame as a novelist will be enhanced by this first volume of her short stories—HESTER LILLY (Peter Davies, 10s. 6d.). The author of *The Sleeping Beauty*, *A Game Of Hide And Seek*, *A Wreath Of Roses*, *A View Of The Harbour*, and others, might have been expected to require space—more space than the short story allows—for the subtle development of her characters and the forging of their destinies into plots.

But, as this volume shows, the great thing about a story is its *germ*, or idea. And here Miss Taylor displays her gift—her quite extraordinary gift—for sheer situation—not a tale here fails to expand in the imagination of the reader: what Miss Taylor does not tell one, one tells oneself. One is haunted, or one continues to wonder—as though these were a succession of incidents one had stumbled upon in real life.

REAL life, with its contradictions and self-betrays and mockeries, is in fact the element in which Miss Taylor deals. By turns, she is sardonic and tender. The title-story, "Hester Lilly," might be considered a short novel: an awkward and touching, unwanted young girl is received into the home of a married couple—with, for the marriage, dangerous effects. The school background, and the disreputable old lady of ancient family who haunts the neighbourhood, are brilliantly done.

Muriel, the uneasy, affected wife, is a type Miss Taylor treats not without sympathy but devastatingly truthfully—Muriel's predicament reappears, in different forms, in several of the succeeding stories. For how real is feeling?—how far are people "acting" when they believe themselves to be undergoing some of the most poignant moments of their existence? "First Death Of Her Life" studies exactly this.

One may feel that if Gustave Flaubert had not written *Madame Bovary*, Elizabeth Taylor might in time have done so. What is most sympathetic about her work is her sympathy for the reprobate, young or old: "Spry Old Character" is a fine example. And throughout we find that she takes her stand besides persons who are at a disadvantage—whether because of their own foolishness, because of a failed daydream or through a trick of fate.



THE VICTORIAN ESSENCE has never been more limpidly distilled than in James Laver's *Victorian Vista* (Hulton Press, 25s.), which has for its frontispiece a detail of Frith's "Derby Day," of which the above is a section

THOMAS MANN, that majestic, exiled German novelist-genius, continues into his old age to give us stories. Work of his eightieth year is *THE BLACK SWAN* (Secker & Warburg, 8s. 6d.). This is, by definition, "a novelette," as was its long-ago predecessor, *Death In Venice*, and has the same subject—the incongruous, hopeless passion of age for youth. Rosalie von Tümmeler, a comely and dignified widow of fifty, living in Düsseldorf in the 1920s, finds herself passionately in love with her son's tutor, a good-looking, ordinary young American. Rosalie's confidante is her daughter Anna, who, herself debarred from romance by a club foot, sees with fatal clearness through her mother's delusions. The story culminates during a spring morning expedition, a visit to a castle, during which Rosalie (believing her youth to have been returned to her) declares her passion to Ken Keaton. The angry swan, in the moat, is to become for her, later, the symbol of doom.

My own great admiration for Thomas Mann should not, I feel, blind me to the fact that some readers may find *The Black Swan* repellent, morbid or even shocking. But as a whole, it has that burnished, poignant autumnal beauty Thomas Mann so well knows how to impart; and is moreover dignified by his vision. I commend this tale to those who already revere his work—those, on the other hand, who are coming new to it had perhaps better not start with *The Black Swan*.

ADAM WITH THE BEASTS and with the Angel. Two wood engravings by Clifford Webb from *The Serpent's Presence*, a beautifully written story-commentary on Genesis, by Eurol Walters. It is produced in a limited edition by the Golden Cockerel Press

RICHARD HAYDN—originally and illustriously known as the fish mimic of the prewar Farjeon revues—gives us *THE JOURNAL OF EDWIN CARP* (Hamish Hamilton, 12s. 6d.). Once anyone comes to brooding upon fish, humanity cannot fail to seem much like them, and dear dear Edwin, of the *pince-nez* and the drooping moustache, goes round and round in his villa-tank in Gubbion Avenue with a no less blameless, piscine resignation.

Edwin, forty, continues to live with Mother; but has been for nine years engaged to Maude—widow, forty-one, neighbour in Gubbion Avenue, and mother of the formidable and repulsive fourteen-year-old Harrison. Mother, who is at the extra advantage of being able to switch off her hearing-aid when there is anything she does not wish to hear, is a devotee of the works of Marie Corelli. She throws a fit, or chokes over a hot cross bun, whenever the question of Edwin's and Maude's nuptials is brought up.

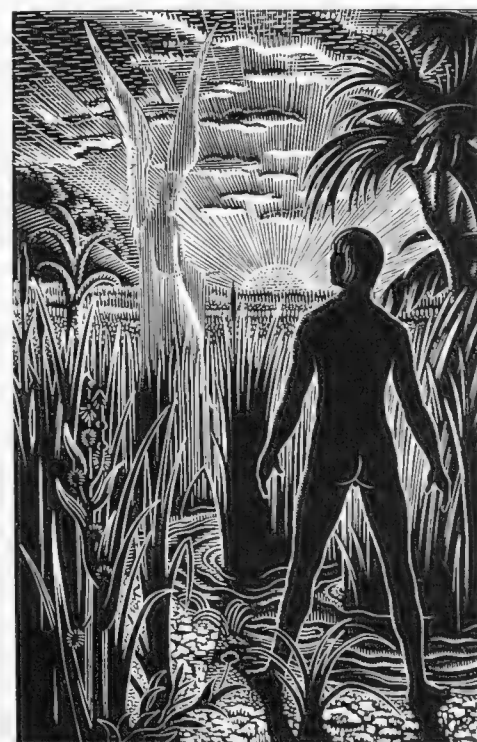
Nobody stays wholly ridiculous for long—you find yourself getting to love these people: even Harrison acquires a gruesome charm. The "embellishments" by Ronald Searle (who has never been better, even at his best) do perhaps help. *The Journal Of Edwin Carp* is a darling book—far from unworthy to take its place, on your classic shelves, alongside *The Diary Of A Nobody*.

Other Book Suggestions

PROFILES OF GREAT MEN, by André Maurois (Tower Bridge Publications, Ltd., 8s. 6d.). Pen-portraits, by this outstanding French biographer, of sixteen notabilities—none now living. Some are French authors not widely known here; but the English reader's eye will be drawn to the pieces on Shakespeare, Chekhov, Maurice Baring, St. Ignatius de Loyola, Balzac, Goethe and Napoleon.

★ ★ ★

YANKEE WHALERS IN THE SOUTH SEAS, by A. B. C. Whipple (Gollancz, 16s.). Tense sea-adventure, whaling off the shores of America in the nineteenth century. Opens with the fate of the whaler Essex, from which was drawn the story of *Moby Dick*.





CHELTENHAM XV (white shirts) playing a home game recently against Brasenose College, Oxford

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Cheltenham's Pride

DURING the eighteenth century few public schools were founded, and many ancient foundations faced difficult years. The general decline of religion and learning was partly responsible, but the turn of the new century witnessed a revival of education and many new schools were founded in the middle decades of Victoria's reign.

The development of Cheltenham as a residential district at this period brought with it the need for better educational facilities. A grammar school had been established in Cheltenham in 1568 by Richard Pate—Recorder of Gloucester—but like many other ancient schools, founded by worthy donors, was tied by statutes that made progress almost impossible. The numbers at the school had never been very high and slowly dwindled, and the

school temporarily closed for a period of twelve years in 1841, the year that saw the foundation of Cheltenham College, the first of the Victorian public schools.

Founded at first as a "Proprietary College" by a private company of shareholders, it met a real and widespread need. Its success was never in doubt and within twenty years of its foundation there were more than 600 boys.

FACING the Bath road, the college occupies a group of buildings in the style of fifteenth-century Gothic. A Cloister in memory of the 675 Old Cheltonians who fell in World War One connects the main block with the beautiful chapel erected in the mid-nineties to celebrate the Jubilee of the College. The gift made by Old Cheltonians fifty years later of the New Centenary Building commemorates the second milestone of its history.

In 1948, the college acquired Thirlestaine House, immediately adjacent. It is a notable addition to the buildings of the college, which were, in fact, originally built in its grounds. Dated 1823, it bears many allusions to Greek architecture; its noble portico with four fluted Ionic columns gives access to a magnificent entrance hall, with twelve fluted columns supporting the coved ceiling with its ornamental central panel of plasterwork.

TURNING to the sporting activities of Cheltenham, Rugby football was introduced to the college over one hundred years ago, and like many other schools of that time it had its own distinctive type of game before the rules of the Rugby Union were adopted in 1876; the great match of the year between the Classical and Modern sides began in 1852 and has been played ever since without a break.

There were few Rugby playing schools in those days and most of the matches were against local and Welsh clubs; in fact, the first recorded inter-schools match was with Wellington in 1892. Four years later began the long series of matches with Rugby School, which with the exception of 1918 has been unbroken. Cheltenham has turned out many distinguished players, and more than forty Old Cheltonians have achieved international honours.

Cricket has always flourished at Cheltenham and much of its success may be traced to the excellent coaching of the masters-in-charge from the days of H. V. Page, an Old Cheltonian, a dominant influence in football as well as cricket. S. H. Stevens, his successor, guided the fortunes of Cheltenham cricket for seventeen years, and E. B. Calvert is the present coach. Reference must also be made to W. A. Woof, the old Gloucester bowler, a household name in Cheltenham cricket circles.

MANY Old Cheltonians have figured in the highest grade of cricket. Perhaps the most colourful personalities would be G. E. C. Wood, one of the long line of brilliant wicketkeepers from Cheltenham, K. S. Duleepsinhji, the great Sussex and England batsman, and E. D. R. Eagar, the present enterprising captain of Hampshire.

Other popular sports at Cheltenham include hockey, and for the nautical minded rowing on the River Severn near ancient Tewkesbury.

—S. A. Patman



The West Front of the College well symbolizes the confidence of its founders in the work of education to which they had set their hand

TENNIS STARS CAME OVER THE CHANNEL

MEMBERS of the International Lawn Tennis Clubs of Great Britain and France (it is the latter club's Silver Jubilee year) and other well-known tennis players were entertained at a cocktail party at the Bath Club. The thirty-eighth match between the two clubs was contested at Queen's Club



Colin Hannam, for Great Britain, playing Gérard Pillet of France in the Queen's Club match. The Frenchman was the victor



Left to right, Mrs. Paish, Mr. Colin Hannam, Mme. Cochet, wife of the French player, and Mr. G. L. Paish, the British player, were discussing the afternoon's matches



Left: Mr. John Cope, Captain of the London Bar Lawn Tennis Society, Miss Faith Hammet and Mrs. Pat Rickard were chatting together



Right: M. H. Cochet, M. G. de Bazillac, Mr. Nigel Sharpe and Col. A. R. F. Kingscote weighed up form as they sipped cocktails

VOYAGING TO THE ALPS

Many exciting displays of merchandise have been designed for the convenience of the traveller off to winter sports. These examples have been chosen from some of the leading stores, to give an idea of what is available

—JEAN CLELAND

ARRESTING IN SHAPE and design are these fitted travel bags, with broad base giving extra space for over-night things. £19 5s. each, from Debenham & Freebody



BRIGHT SCARF, ideal for Swiss sports, gaily decorated, in fine French wool. It costs £1 10s. 9d. and can be obtained from Woollands, of Knightsbridge



COMPACT with essential toilet gear for men, these razor cases make for handiness and easy packing. They are 28s. 6d. Debenham & Freebody stock them





Dennis Smith

MAKE-UP MOMENT IN THE SNOW

ALL ready for a day's winter-sport, she applies the last completing touch of lipstick. Her equipment includes white knitted cap and sweater (16s. 6d. and £4 4s.), red (or blue) Grenfell ski-jacket (£9), navy vorlages (£9 15s.), ski-socks (13s. 6d.). All from Lillywhites, as also are the Henke boots (£7 19s. 6d.), Gresvig skis (£17 12s.), toboggan (£4 8s. 9d.) and ski-mitts (19s. 6d.)



John French

SKI-ING STREAMLINE

THIS excellently contrasted ski-ing outfit is by Jaeger, of Regent Street. The tough-looking, loose-fitting wool sweater, with its ribbed knit and roll collar, and the tailored ski-pants of black barathea produce an ensemble that, whilst undeniably gay, is also strictly workman-like. The sweater costs 4 gns., and the ski-pants 11 gns.

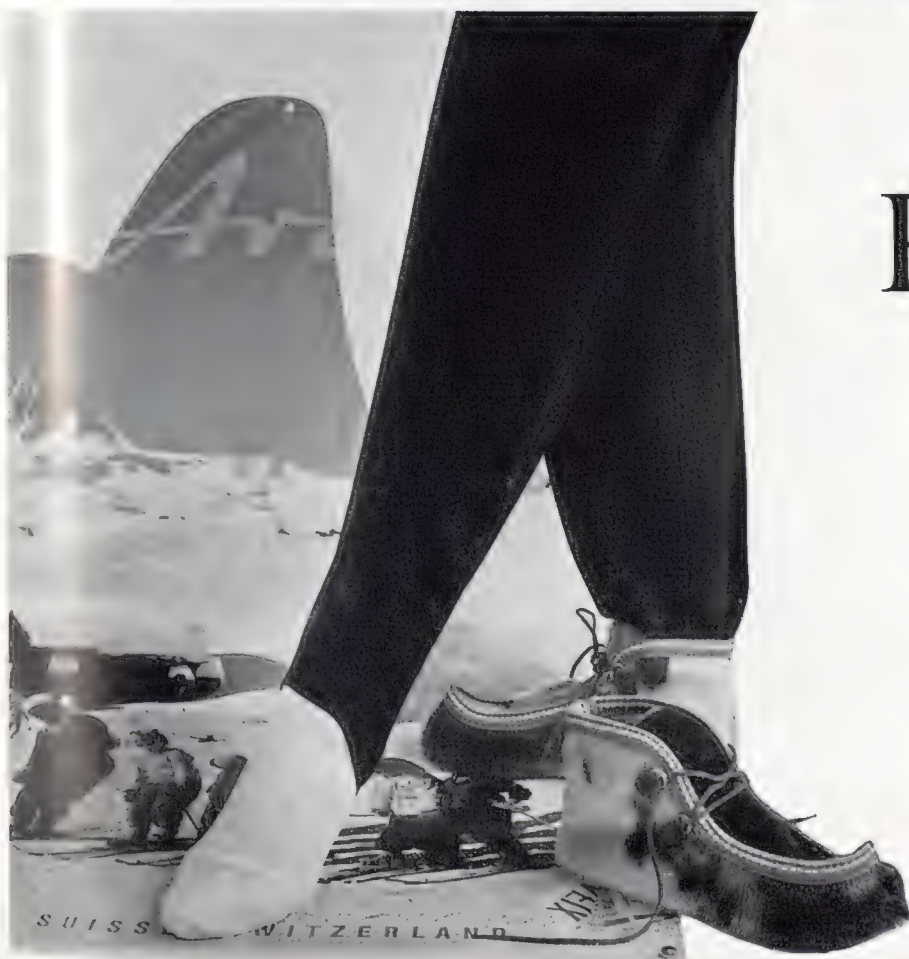


This little black knitted wool ski-hood is perfect for wearing with the yellow sweater. It costs 18s. 6d.

PREPARE FOR ACTION

PART of the joy of preparing for a winter sports holiday is buying clothes. Some of us choose a lot in preparation for a long stay at St. Moritz or Kitzbühel, others, more tough or hard-up, travel in ski-clothes and carry all the rest in a pack on their backs

—MARIEL DEANS



Jaeger's new black ski-pants fit right down under the foot. Here they are in close-up shown with a charming pair of après-ski slippers made of seal skin and costing—£4 10s.

A CHOICE
FOR THE WEEK



Gordon Lowe's lambskin jacket has a slightly fitted, rather long waist and a flared basque. Very soft and warm with the young lambswool side of the skin on the inside, this is the cosiest coat imaginable. Here it is worn with a black wool jersey balaclava helmet and Gordon Lowe's own tailored French elasticized cloth ski-pants.

Left: Not for amateurs—the towering ski-jump at Garmisch



THE LOOKER-ON CAN FEEL PART OF THE GAME

FOR the woman who never has been and never will be a shining light as an athlete, spectator occasions make a happy change from slogging up and down the nursery slopes. Slalom races, ski jumping, cross-country events—she can enjoy them all vicariously from a grandstand viewpoint on the hotel terrace. She can wear her best clothes, too, and not expect to fall down at every second step. On the right is shown Wetherall's chunky little lambswool coat—warm, and cosy to wear over a plain ski-ing outfit, whilst smart enough for the grandest grandstand occasion.—MARIEL DEANS



The girl on the left wears a scarlet snow-proofed poplin jacket which unfastens to show a dicky-front of white poplin embroidered with scarlet. This is a Spectator Sports model from Simpson's. Her companion wears one of Harvey Nichols's very thick Swiss knitted sweaters—this one is half red, half black, knitted throughout in ribbing—and a pair of their excellent narrow black wool ski pants.

Right: On the Garmisch-Mittenwald road in the Bavarian Alps





Peter Clark

FROM NINE TILL FIVE ON THE SLOPES

No frills allowed, but
a touch of inspiration

A GOOD winter sports holiday is no rest cure. Most ski schools get under way about nine o'clock and, depending on one's athletic prowess or complete want of same, the day from then on till dark is spent either touring the neighbouring mountains and valleys on long, energetic runs or assembling a vast collection of bruises on the nursery slopes in the valley. Either version requires warm, plain and snow-proof clothes. The girl in the photograph below wears one of Rima's Bogner models—a proofed poplin jerkin with a detachable white knitted wool collar. The cuffs also are of ribbed wool and there is a pocket in the top of the sleeve. In pale lilac and white, as in the photograph, and in other colours this jerkin comes from Simpson's, Piccadilly. *Right*, this Italian peasant ski blouse in caramel-coloured poplin has bands of black and white embroidery running from neck to wrist, down the wide, tightly cuffed sleeves. Plenty of room under this windproof blouse for further woollies. It is worn here with the new elasticized nylon and wool ski trousers. Both come from the new "Swiss Room" at J. R. Taylor's, of St. Annes-on-Sea. The small boy wears Lillywhites' reversible Swiss jacket of grey and yellow proofed poplin. The peaked hood is attached to the jacket. He wears their hard-wearing Vorlagers in a wool and nylon mixture. *Below, right*, is seen Lillywhites' Swiss ski jacket of heavy, proofed poplin. Completely reversible in black and white, it has pockets treated differently on each side





John Cole

THEN THE ALPINE EVENING

AFTER ski, after dark, glowing with exercise—and virtue, we can relax with a clear conscience—play cards, dance, flirt, bore our friends and acquaintances with tall stories of our day's activities, and wear the prettiest of après-ski clothes. Here are some ideas for these, various enough to suit all figures. The young girl (top right) wears Harrods' wonderful cherry-red cotton velvet quilted skirt with a scalloped hem. The grey-green velvet sash with a pocket in it is embroidered with metal thread and coloured wools, the bronze lamé blouse, very plain with a low vee-neck, is worn with a many strand bead necklace. Swan & Edgar's thick yellow wool sweater (lower right) has a wide, stand-away neck-line and deep dolman sleeves. The beautifully tailored, close-fitting tartan trews can be bought in various tartans. Simpson's of Piccadilly sell the silk over-blouse (above) printed to look like leopard skin. It has a high roll collar of black ribbed wool. The long, tight-fitting jersey pants have feet with soles, and are laced up with white wool laces



Beauty

Perfect for travelling are these decorative and extremely useful Quilted Holdalls. Unfitted, they cost 48s. 6d. each. The fittings can be bought separately. Marshall and Snelgrove's have them in the Perfumery Dept.



THAT MOUNTAIN TAN

OF all lovely and exciting holidays, a Winter Sports one is the most enviable. From the first moment of arrival, with the sun sparkling on the snow by day, and the music and dancing by night, there is enchantment in the air. Whether you are an expert, waltzing on the ice or ski-ing down the mountain side, or a "faller-over"—like me—on the nursery slopes, the whole holiday is spent in a happy glow.

To think of those who are getting ready to join in these delights makes me want to crumple up this paper, throw it in the wastepaper basket, and get on the first plane. Instead, I shall have to content myself with the vicarious pleasure of discussing the question of what—in the way of beauty preparations—to take.

If you are a winter sports habitué, and an old hand at the game, you will know all about it. If, on the other hand, you are going for the first time, a little advice may be helpful.

First of all you must remember that although

the snow is cold, the sun is—as a rule—very hot. There is a glare, too, that makes the rays more than usually harmful to the skin unless this is well protected. It is worth while, then, to give careful consideration to the various protective oils, creams and lotions available for the purpose of tanning without burning. Nothing is more unbecoming for the evening festivities than a peeling nose and a fiery face.

BEFORE we go into the different kinds of preparations likely to suit your individual needs, I should like to tell you of a new one that has just come on to the market. This, made by Savory & Moore, is called "Glacier Cream," and was used on the Everest expedition. To quote from one of the accounts written afterwards, it said, "Here in the camp, Col. Hunt sat on a wooden packing case, physically immobile, his waterproof hat jammed hard over his head, his face white with plastered Glacier Cream."

The makers claim that Glacier Cream is 100 per cent anti-sunburn. It differs from other protectives in that it is made in two kinds, one with a green label for low altitudes up to a height of 5,000-6,000 feet, and the other with a red label for the serious climbers and ski-ers who go higher up. Both kinds come in tubes for easy packing, and the green label can be used as a foundation.

As regards the many other excellent preparations for guarding against the sun, there is a wide choice. If you dislike anything greasy there are non-sticky types which are very effective. To encourage a deep tan, I suggest Elizabeth Arden's Sun Gelee, which shields the skin from burning rays and sun glare, keeps it soft and healthy, and at the same time gives a slightly shiny look which many people find becoming with sports clothes. If you only want a very light golden tan, Ardena Sunpruf cream is a good buy. This is light, cool, and makes a combined powder base and sun filter. It should be used before going out into the sun, and again immediately the skin begins to feel warm.

You like to look bronze by day but fair by night? Well, then, you must simulate a tan for the sports with one of the extra deep foundations and a dark powder on top. You can then cleanse it off in the evening, and put on a "fair" make-up in its place.

Make-up for a winter sports holiday can be exciting, and very effective contrasts can be achieved by choosing the right shades of powders and cosmetics. A bronze skin needs a



special range to throw up the brown, and give the right glow, and if you are in any doubt as to what shades would suit you best, the wisest and most satisfactory plan is to go to any of the well-known salons, and get them to show you a "shade card," and advise you accordingly. They will let you try out various colours so that you can see the effect.

Any of the well-known salons will suggest a becoming make-up to go with a sun-tanned skin. Here is one from Elizabeth Arden:

Foundation. Ardena Sun Gelee, "Honey" shade for a fair skin, "Café" for a brunette.

Powder. "Light Rosetta Bronze," "Spanish Coquette" or "Rose Beige."

Lipstick and Rouge. "School-house Red," "Montezuma Red" or "Striking."

EYES are apt to suffer from the glare of the snow, and it is as well to protect them with a pair of tinted glasses (not too dark, as this makes too great a contrast when you remove them). You can get all sorts of colourful and decorative frames now, specially designed to go with sports wear. For soothing the area round the eyes, slip a jar of special eye cream into your luggage, also a good lotion to refresh them when you come in in the evening.

—JEAN CLELAND



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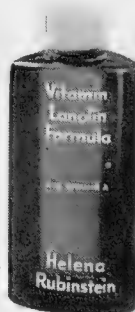
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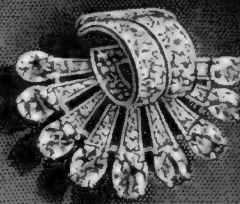
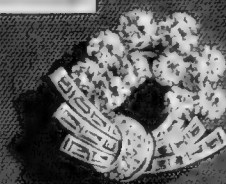


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Left: Middy blouse ski jacket, zip neck, two flap-pockets, trimmed on collar and hem with two other colours. Grey/white and cherry, light grey/pink and dark grey, emerald/white and black. Sizes 34-40. 8 gns. Slim Daks ski trousers in proofed gaberdine. Black, navy, Air Force blue. Sizes 24-30. 9 gns

Write for our
Winter Sports Booklet

Above: Reversible ski jacket with hood. Black/scarlet, black/gold, black/white, cherry/white, white/emerald. Sizes 34-40. £14.10.0

Below left: Heavy-knit lumber jacket. Yellow, black, white, sky, navy, cherry. Small and medium sizes. 8½ gns. Tartan Daks slinkies. Campbell or Black Watch. Waist sizes 24-27. £7.5.0. Yellow kid pumps, £2.7.6

Centre: Toreador trousers in velvet with felt cummerbund. Black/atom pink, black/royal, black/emerald. Sizes 10-14. £9.19.6. Jersey sweater with crossover knitted neck. Black/atom pink, black/royal, black/emerald. Sizes 10-16. £4.19.6. Black gaberdine pumps. 2 gns

Women's Shop—fourth floor

ENGAGEMENTS



Lenare

Miss Gillian Coats, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ian P. Coats, of Carse, Tarbert, Argyll, has announced her engagement to Capt. Lorne Mackie-Campbell, The Rifle Brigade, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. G. Mackie-Campbell, of Glenholm, Monkton, Ayrshire



Navana Vandyk

Miss Tessa Jeanne Edgecombe, daughter of Capt. C. Edgecombe, R.D., R.N.R., and Mrs. Edgecombe, of Aplins, East Grinstead, Sussex, is to marry Mr. Brian Arthur Kelly, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Kelly, of Purley, Surrey



Fayer

Miss Catherine M. Barne, daughter of Lt.-Col. M. E. St. J. Barne, of Sotterley Hall, Suffolk, and of Mrs. Maxtone Graham, of Cultoquhey, Perthshire, is to marry Mr. Alexander V. Bethune, son of Lt.-Col. M. Norman, of Cranmer Court, S.W.9, and Mrs. Sheila Norman, of Rattray, Perthshire



MANBY—REES-REYNOLDS

At St. Peter the Great, Chichester, Mr. Stewart Milligan Manby, of Thorganby Hall, near Grimsby, son of Mrs. M. L. Milligan Manby and the late Mr. J. A. Milligan Manby, married Miss Jeanne Rees-Reynolds, daughter of Mrs. Dora Rees-Reynolds, of Itchenor, Sussex, and Mr. K. C. Rees-Reynolds

THEY WERE MARRIED The TATLER'S Review



SPURWAY—HARDWICKE

Mr. Raymond Richard Pyne Spurway, son of Mrs. F. E. Middleditch and the late Mr. W. R. P. Spurway, of Bampton, Devon, married Miss Fay Hardwicke, daughter of Mrs. Cecile Hardwicke and the late Major C. E. Hardwicke, of Harpford, near Sidmouth, Devon, at Harpford Church



SPICER—DANCE

At the Church of the Holy Cross, Moreton Morrell, Warwickshire, Lt. Bruce Evan Spicer, elder son of Dr. and Mrs. Gerald Spicer, of Ardtur, Appin, Argyll, married Miss Susan Dance, eldest daughter of Major James Dance and the late Mrs. Dance, of Moreton House, Moreton Morrell



ILLIDGE—POCOCK

Mr. Wilfred John Illidge, only son of the late Mr. J. Illidge, of Durban, South Africa, and the late Mrs. Dorothy Illidge, was married at Pennington Church, Hampshire, to Miss Elinor Bridget Pocock, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. V. H. Pocock, of Freegrove, Lymington, Hants



BRADFORD—GOULD

The marriage took place at Woodford United Free Church, Essex, of Mr. James Alistair Bradford, son of Dr. and Mrs. R. C. Bradford, of The Pillars, Battle, Sussex, and Miss Jean Mary Gould, daughter of the late Mr. B. S. Gould and of Mrs. Gould, Sunnylands, Loughton, Essex



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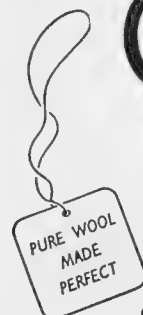
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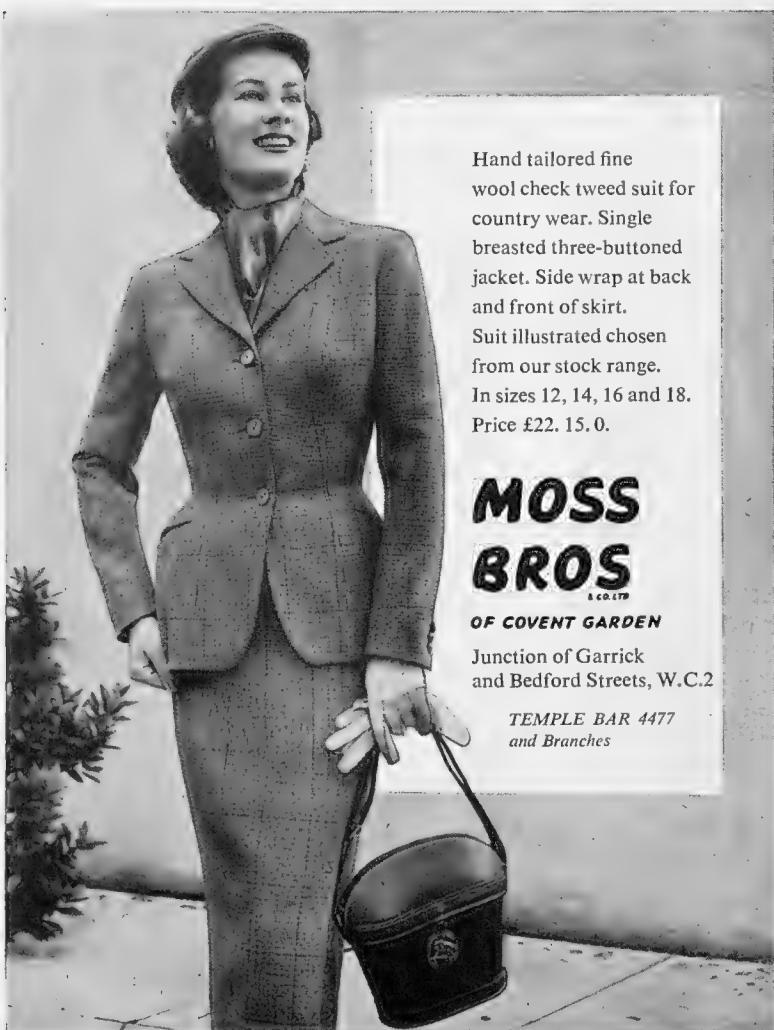
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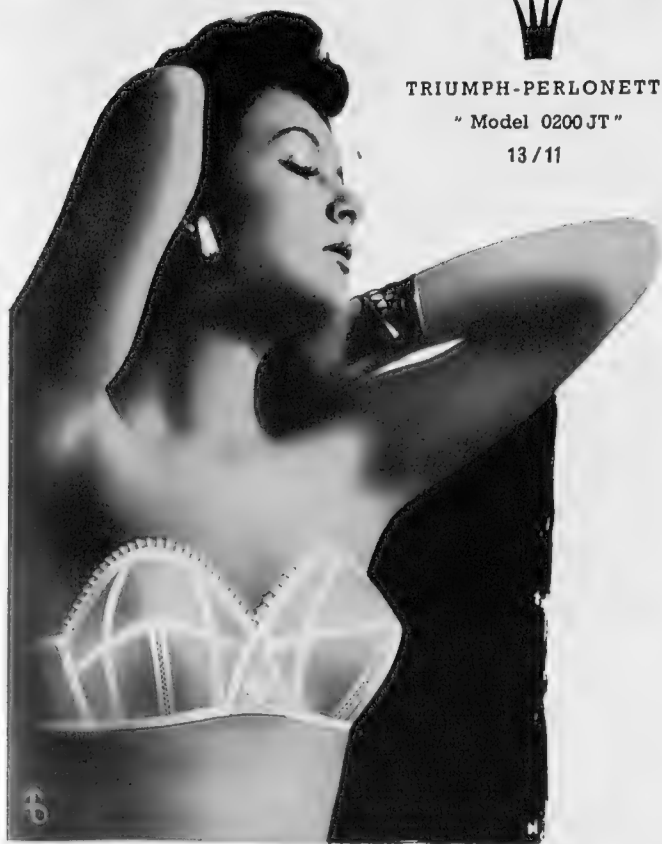
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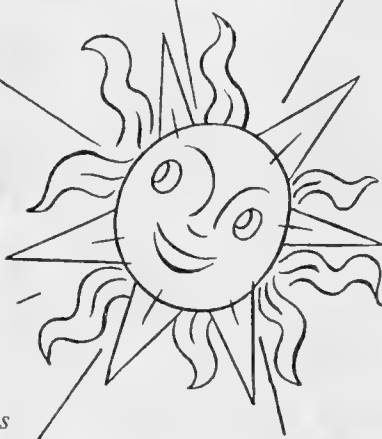
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The Basic English Of Travel

• *George Gulley* •

THIS is an age of planning. It has been so preached at us from the housetops of the B.B.C., from every soapbox between Hyde Park and Parliament Hill Fields that the word is as noisome in the nostrils as every other epithet whose currency has been debased.

"Worker," "Austerity," "Utility" are major examples in the mind's eye and if they retain any meaning it is the exact reverse of that authorized by Mr. Webster. Could anything prove less social than an extreme Socialist, or any man less likely to commend himself to an employer than a "worker"?

But in matters of travel, planning is still basic English, meaning honestly what it says. Planning a holiday begins at home, aided by kindly but interested advice from the travel experts. Each country which is now bidding for its share of our meagre allowance has offices here, operated by amiable persons who are at your service. Elastic, rather than the £1 sterling, is the subject of their expertism.

By booking in advance, by becoming a member of this or that club, by intelligent forethought, one may arrive at most of the great winter centres armed at least with the bulk of our currency and with the comfort that even if one fails to break the bank at the Casino a return ticket is sitting primly in one's wallet.

MY own goddaughter, whose mother suggested she might care to "finish" in Switzerland, was disturbed in her mind about the distance between herself and her mother on whom she felt she must keep a dutiful eye. "Supposing, Mummy," she said, "you were ill, I should be miles away. How should I get to you?" The answer is that Kitzbühel is probably nearer to Hyde Park Corner (in travelling time) than Kidderminster, and it is certainly far easier to telephone to



Skier crossing a track in the deep snows above Garmisch - Partenkirchen



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[Continued on page 385]



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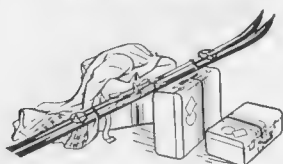
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LECH 12.25 pm
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DAVOS 10.35 am
ENGELBERG 10.42 am
GRINDELWALD .. 10.48 am
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M.....

H67/1

Continuing—

Basic English Of Travel

Paris VII² than to Rumbleton-Atte-Boyes, scheduled as a toll call.

These are minor considerations. Adventure begins very properly with a touch of excitement. However experienced one may be as a traveller there is no thrill in the world to equal the nod with which one accepts a ticket for overseas. For each line has its savoury cachet. Air France signifies good food and champagne from the take-off, B.E.A. an elegant efficiency, the right sort of stewardess and the utter confidence of the Union Jack, Sabena combines a flavour of both with the air of the Continent as one gets about the aircraft. Swissair spells Switzerland from London Airport.

Norway and Sweden make their own appeal, for the epicure boarding their incomparable steamers enjoys their special delights and privileges from the first crossing of the gang-plank.

There remains, on the Continent, Germany, now our most willing host. The German hotelier or restaurateur is now looking westwards with the most hospitable of bows and he is not empty-handed. As a host he has no equal, his table and his beds have been legendary since poets first became travellers and he has retained (despite endless interference from pyromaniacs) his sense of humour, which is the best of savours for any host.

EUROPE is the most exquisite of oysters for the postwar traveller, and the opening of the shell is the one barrier remaining, and this, as is only proper, is best left to the professionals. Experience has always been an expensive commodity, but for this odd interim period the experts of the world are at our service, cap in hand.

As an insular Londoner I am perpetually astonished by the fact that it is infinitely more practical to agree to dine in Montmartre (given a lost) than in Hampshire and it is only by consultation with timetables that I know that Vienna or Valencia are easily within my reach.

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An idyllic corner of the West Indies: Swallow Cove at Runaway Bay, Jamaica



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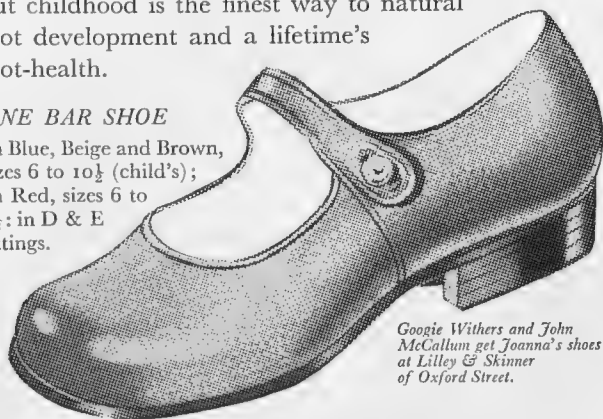
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by LADY ASHTON

*Professor, School of Fashion Design,
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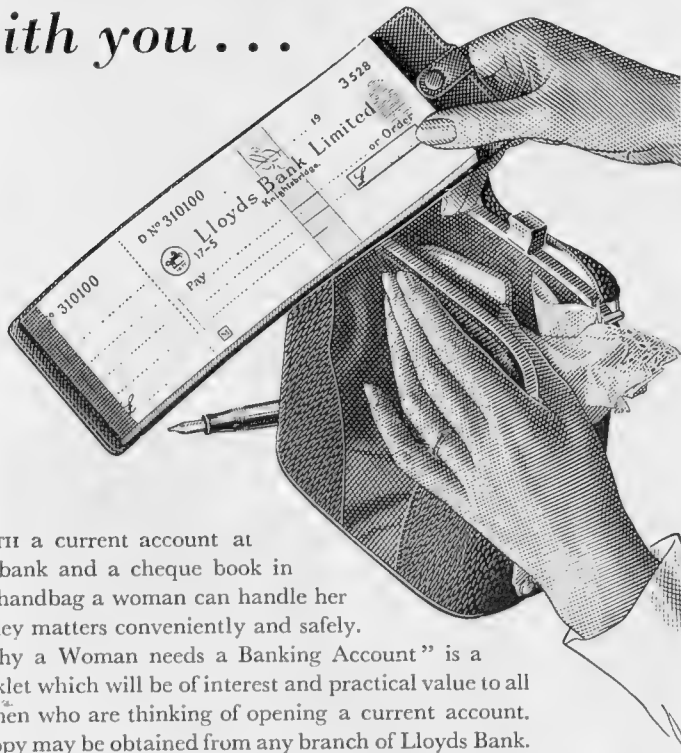
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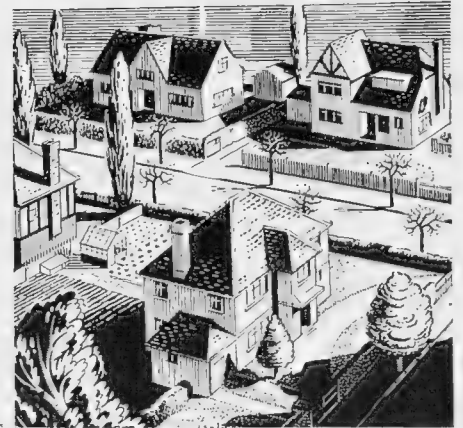


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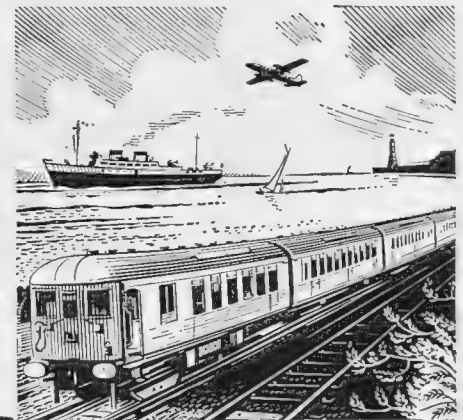
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- ☆ **Diabolo.** $\frac{1}{2}$ Noilly Prat, $\frac{1}{2}$ Cognac, dash Orange Bitters.
- ☆ **Short Noilly Prat.** Neat with a zest of lemon peel squeezed into the vermouth, then dropped into it.
- ☆ **Long Noilly Prat.** Pour two fingers of Noilly Prat into a tumbler, add ice, top with soda.

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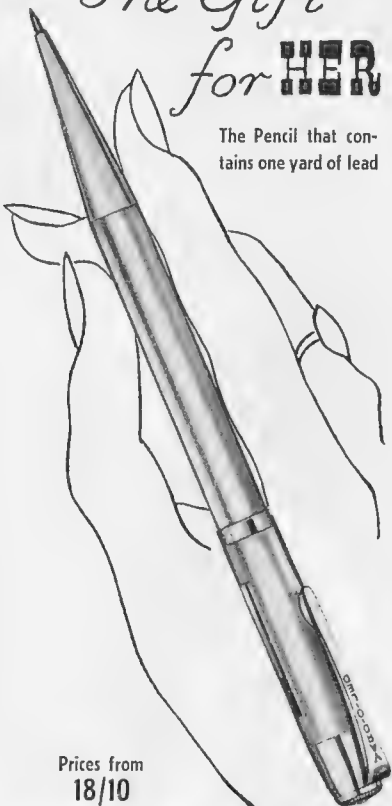


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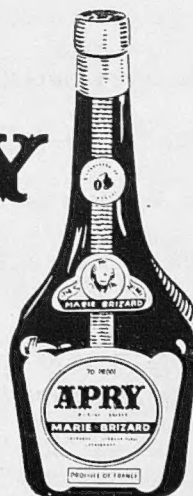
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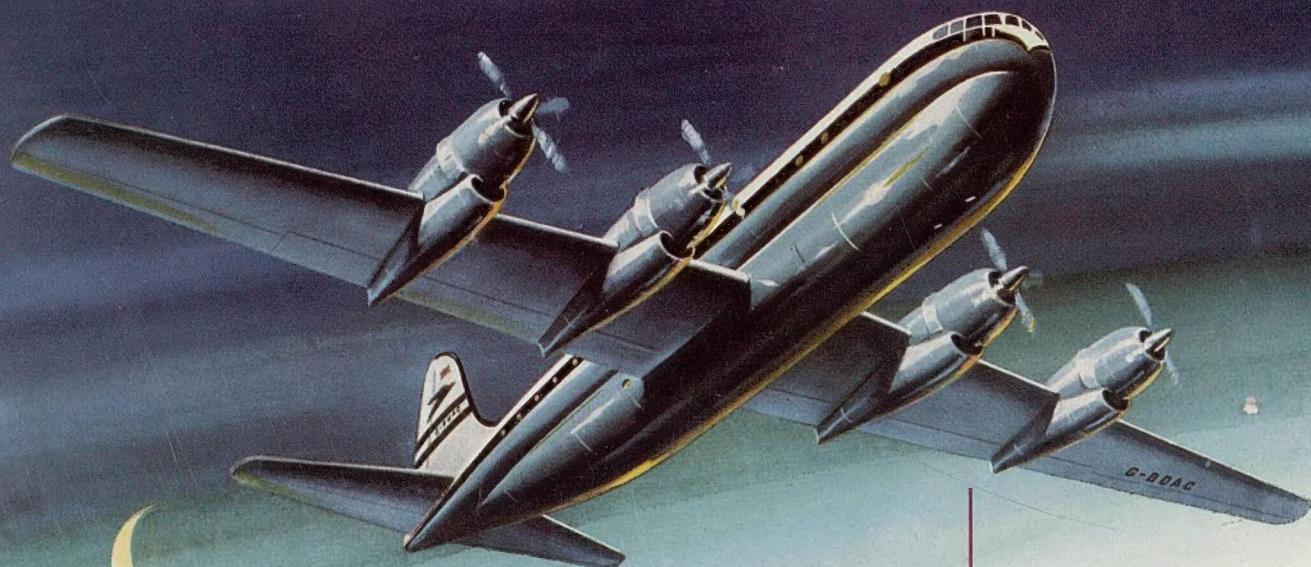
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